

ALTAR AND PRIEST

PETER C. YORKE

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BY
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To the Memory
of the
REV. PETER S. CASEY,
Pastor of St. Peter's Church, San Francisco,
California.
Faithful Priest; Kindly Gentleman;
True Friend.

Imprimatur

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THE ISLAND OF SAINTS

*The Golden Jubilee of the Augustinian Church,
Galway, Ireland, Sunday, August 27, 1905.*

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS

When the Lord turned again the captivity
of Sion,

We became like men consoled.

Then was our mouth filled with gladness,
And our tongue with joy.

Then shall they say among the nations :
The Lord hath done great things for them,
The Lord hath done great things for us ;
We are become joyful.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord,
As a river in the south.

They that sow in tears
Shall reap in joy.

They went forth on their way, and wept,
Scattering their seed.

Coming, shall they come with joy,
Bearing their sheaves.—*Psalm cxxv.*

We read in Holy Writ that God commanded the Jews to celebrate every year their deliverance from the slavery of Egypt. The people met, family by family, at the supper table and ate the same fare their fathers ate the night the destroying angel

passed over the land and slew every first born in the tents of Cham. During the meal it was part of the ritual that the son should ask his father the meaning of the feast. The father in reply recited the great things the Lord had done for His people—how with a strong hand and an outstretched arm He had brought them out of the house of bondage, and how He had commanded the fathers that they should declare His praises and His wonders and His might to their children, that another generation might know them and tell them to their children in order that they might set their hope in God and seek after His commandments.

So to-day when we gather with special pomp in this church around this altar, whereon is celebrated the great sacrifice of which the Passover was the prophecy, your children may well ask you the significance of the festival. I esteem it a great honor that through the courtesy of the Augustinian Fathers, and the kindness of your devoted and distinguished Bishop, it has been given to me to recite the answer—an answer that requires no human words to enhance it, for it is as full of the might and mercy of our

God displayed towards us and our fathers, as is that olden story of the chosen people when He brought them out of darkness and brake their bonds asunder.

To-day, then, we celebrate the fact that fifty years ago the foundation stone of this church dedicated to St. Augustine was laid. Fifty years may seem a short time in the history of the Augustinian Friars, whose ministrations in this town have continued for nigh seven hundred, and one church the more may appear of little consequence in a city that boasts so many. But it is not the building alone that renders the occasion significant, nor the mere lapse of years. It is the circumstances that surrounded its inception, it is the long history to which it is a witness that make its very stones eloquent. For we, too, are the children of the captivity, and our fathers were fed with the bread of tears. We, too, have experienced the mercy of the Lord, and have beheld His mighty works. We, too, have come through the Red Sea of persecution and the desert of hate, and from this monument, which we have builded to the name of our God, we strain our eyes, like Moses, from

Phasga to behold the mountain of His sanctuary in that promised land for which our fathers longed and concerning which we daily pray that He may grant us in our days to enter into its rest.

It is not necessary, I am sure, to recapitulate for you the history of that wonderful man from whom the Augustinians derive their rule and their name. His personality has dominated the world from his own time, even unto ours. The story of his wayward youth, of his mother's love, of his conversion, he has told us in words that can never die. Away from the great centers of Roman life and culture, in a provincial town, he gave his genius to religion, and after fifteen hundred years scholars are still thinking his thoughts and repeating his arguments.

Neither is it necessary now to enquire into the vicissitudes of the communities that claim descent from his household. It is sufficient to say that in that great religious revival, which has been called the "Coming of the Friars," the Augustinians took their place with the Dominicans and Franciscans in renewing the face of the earth. It is said that as far back as the thirteenth century the

Augustinians were established on that long ridge which lies between the city and Loch Antsaile, and is known to us now as Fort Hill. The destruction of our domestic records by war and confiscation makes it impossible for us to supply further details concerning that foundation. This much, however, is beyond dispute: That in the year 1508 a goodly church and convent were erected for the Augustinians on that part of the hill now occupied by the old graveyard. The undertaking was due to the generosity of Margaret Athy, the wife of Stephen Lynch Fitzdominick, for many years Mayor of Galway. This was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and unfortunately the sixteenth century was to see the great religious revolution which deluged Europe in blood and threw back the progress of civilization for three hundred years. The church and convent were well endowed, and their acres stretched for miles to the east and turned around the salt estuary to Renmore. When Henry VIII. began his career of revolt it was with such acres as these, the patrimony of the poor, he rewarded his followers. The Augustinian property was

confiscated by him in common with the property of the other orders. In a city as Catholic as Galway such projects of spoliation were not easily made effective, and we read that during the one hundred and forty-four years of its existence the Abbey of Fort Hill was confiscated four times. Yet, though at last the church was torn down, though the sloping meadows and the noble roods have passed into other hands, Fort Hill itself has remained inalienable. Around the deserted sanctuary, from age to age, a silent army has kept bivouac, and has held it for you, and for me, and for thousands like me, who from far-off shores look back to it as holy ground, sanctified by the tender memories of our departed, consecrated for all time by the relics of our beloved dead.

The final destruction of the church was an act of military necessity in those troublous times. When the south walls of Galway ran from the river to the square, almost along what is now the line of Merchant's road, it is easy to see that the harbor and the town itself were at the mercy of a strong fortress on the opposite hill. Hence the Eng-

lish had turned the church into a fort for the first forty years of the seventeenth century. When the confederate Catholics came into power they ordered that the church should be demolished in order to secure the safety of the town. This edict was given in 1645, but was not carried out until 1652, and then with the consent of the Friars and the agreement that the city would build them in a convenient place an edifice equally as good. But the precautions taken for the safety of the city were in vain. The curse of Cromwell burst over the land, and the hopes of the Catholics were drowned in blood. During the short reign of James II. the claim of the Augustinians to compensation was acknowledged by the grand jury, and they received the use of the old court house as a temporary chapel. But swiftly came the Boyne, Aughrim and the broken treaty. The tenth article of Limerick expressly stipulated that "the Roman Catholic clergy of the town of Galway shall have private exercise of their religion, and the said clergy shall be protected in their persons and lands." But you know too well the story of

British faith. The long night of the Penal Laws settled down upon the island. The Friars were banned, and the same price was put upon their heads as upon the head of a wolf. Yet they did not desert their flocks. They hid in garrets, in cellars, on the mountain sides, in the caves of the earth, in the woods—they of whom the world was not worthy. The staunch Catholicism of the people of Galway, it is true, lightened their lot, and at the slightest relaxation in the administration of the infamous code they ventured out of their hiding. Already in 1760 they built on this very spot the first chapel put up in Galway since the persecutions. That chapel lasted for nearly a hundred years, and in its place was erected this splendid edifice, the laying of whose foundation stone we celebrate to-day. You see, then, the significance of our rejoicing. In the first place we are glad that what our enemies thought was done so thoroughly is now undone, namely the destruction of the Austin Friars in Galway. Henry and Edward, Elizabeth and Cromwell, William of Orange and the priesthunters, all are gone, but the Friars are here. In the second place,

we are taking pride in what the learned and cultured among us condemn as criminal extravagance, to-wit, the building of beautiful churches in a poverty-stricken country. We willingly take our stand with Margaret Athy's husband, who, returning from a voyage abroad, and finding that in his absence she had erected the church and steeple, knelt down forthwith on the strand and thanked God for inspiring her with the generous thought. Lastly, we are glad that we are able to bind on more tightly that yoke which kings and nations have gathered together to cast off, namely, the discipline of religion. We rejoice in the foolishness of the Cross, and we are willing, as our forefathers were, to go through the fiery furnace for the sake of Him who is our only Master, Christ Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Taking such a position as this, it becomes our duty to justify our faith and to render reason for our service. And indeed the more closely we study the past, and the more deeply we look into the heart of things in the present, the more clearly will we see that our course is not the result of irrational

prejudice, but is guided by those eternal verities against which the imagination of men devises in vain. The choice that was given to the Irish people and the Irish clergy in the sixteenth century was no new thing in the history of the Church, nor was it then offered for the last time. Centuries before, when our Lord was instructing His disciples for their world work, He put clearly before them the new power He was bringing into play in human affairs, and the tremendous resistance it should evoke. That new power was the realization of the value of the human soul. As on the mountain of temptation He had spurned Satan, and his offer of the kingdoms of the world, so His followers should have the same choice, and were bound to make the same renunciation. "Fear not them," He cried, "that can kill the body but can not kill the soul. Fear ye, rather, Him who can cast both body and soul into hell. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul: or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Here was the proclamation that for his soul's sake a man should renounce and suf-

fer all things. Religion or the bond which unites the soul to God is henceforth to be the greatest thing in the world. The disciples would be mocked and scourged and cast out of the synagogues and even put to death, but they were commanded to rejoice and be very glad, for great was their reward in heaven.

How well the Apostles learned the lesson appears very early in the history of the Church. When Peter and John were forbidden to preach the name of Jesus they answered, "We must obey God rather than man." The Jews scourged them; but they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for their Master's sake.

The great Roman empire ranged itself against the new force. The citizen belonged to the state—body and soul—and who were those foreign preachers that proclaimed a divided allegiance? Cæsar personified the empire, and to Cæsar belonged everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. To Cæsar Cæsar's and to God God's had no meaning for the Roman, because Cæsar was God. Who, then, were those

Christians that refused to offer a few grains of incense to the divinity of the emperor? They could only be traitors, disloyal men. So began that age-long appeal to loyalty as against principle. Let no man minimize the strength of the appeal. Loyalty is one of the basic forces of our nature, and one of the most powerful. It is true that, like the kindred word, patriotism, it has fallen on evil days, and has been degraded to be the shibboleth of a party. But in its true meaning it signifies legality or obedience to a just law and devotion to the just man that justly administers it. Religion did not come to destroy loyalty, but to reinforce it. There is a higher law and a higher loyalty, and loyalty to God and loyalty to principle are set forever by the Christian dispensation above loyalty to man and loyalty to expedience.

It was precisely the same choice that was given the Irish people and the Irish clergy in the reign of Henry VIII. On the one side was set the favor of the monarch; on the other the claims of Christ. The English clergy and the English people took their stand with their temporal interests and their

wordly comfort; the Irish people preferred to go out into the wilderness rather than sacrifice the faith once delivered to them by Patrick. In the beginning this was no choice influenced by political or by national idiosyncrasy. Galway claimed in those days to be an English town; its laws were English laws; its religious services were after the English use; but Galway rejected the religion of Henry and Elizabeth as thoroughly and as sincerely as did the Gaels of Kerry or the children of Tirconnell in the fastnesses of Donegal.

If we believe that the soul is the more valuable part of man and that religion is the greatest thing in the world, we must believe that the Irish did right. All they have paid since then and are paying to-day—the confiscations, the burnings, the massacres, the grinding slavery, the unjust laws, the scorn and contempt, the poverty, the emigration and the ways of the world, thick with the dying and the dead of a banished people—all those things were of little matter compared with the pearl of great price they purchased the day they refused the bidding of England's king.

To whom, it is our duty to ask, to whom under the preventing grace of God's mercy was due the decision of the Irish people? To their clergy is the answer, and without making unworthy comparisons, where all served so well, let me as a secular priest say it, to the Friars. It is the privilege of the true general to share the hardships of his soldiers. It was not the custom of the leaders of the Irish in days gone by to order their people to do that which they were not the first to attempt. They were willing to be first in privation as they were first in place. When the Friars abandoned their splendid convents and their broad demesnes to starve on the mountain side, to creep in rain and storm from hut to hut with the ministrations of religion, they could well say to their people:

"What doth it profit you to gain the whole world if ye lose your own souls? We have made a great renunciation, and we can exhort you to make it, too. The sleek bishops of the state church enjoy our revenues, and the well-fed clerks of the Establishment preach from our pulpits, but we conjure you not by the glory of the world

or the vain words of human philosophy. We conjure you by the agony and passion, by the cross and dereliction, by the death and burial of Him whose wounds we bear and in whose stripes we glory."

Is it any wonder that a people so spiritual as the Irish clung to them? Is it any wonder that they triumphed over the worst efforts of the gates of hell? Is it any wonder that they preserved the souls of their flock until this day, and is it any wonder that we, the children of the martyrs, rejoice and are glad that it has been given to us to see the fruit of their labor and the crowning glory of all their toil?

Not only did they preserve religion in this island, but through religion they preserved nationality. After love of God comes love of country, and it was through love of God that love of country was kept alive in this land. We are not of the company of those who believe that our nationhood is a historical fiction and our country only a geographical expression. We do not belong to that strange sect which thinks that for anything Irish to be respectable it must be at least a thousand years dead. We hold

that the children of the Gael have their own place among the nations by virtue of their contribution to civilization and their deeds for the betterment of mankind. This is a treasure we will not willingly throw away. By every means the nations use or have laudably used we mean to conserve it—by political action, by social endeavor, by economic enterprise, by education—and shall we alone, among all the peoples that deserve to be free, refuse to sing the song of David: “Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who teacheth my hands to fight and my fingers to war?”

Moreover, we are not a new nation, but an old nation; the children of the martyrs, the heirs of the saints and scholars. Therefore, it is to our own native Gaelic language we look as the symbol of our legitimacy and the chief preserver of our national identity. It is not the least service the Irish Friars have rendered that to them it is in no small part due that the Irish language is still ours to cherish. In its sweet accents they consoled the sick and blessed the dying. Hunted and persecuted as they were, they gathered up the ancient manuscripts and

committed them to the preservative art of print. Surely we were the most ungrateful people in the world were we unmindful of such services as these. But we are not unmindful. With a high heart to-day I salute you, noble sons of St. Augustine, and in the name of this congregation I congratulate you. Pray God every moment of your lives that you may be worthy of the fathers who have begot you into this holy institute and have left you this glorious heritage. Let not the days of peace unnerve your arms. Higher things await you, and more strenuous labors. Every age has new duties, and every generation new dangers. Be it yours to assume those duties with manly hearts; be it yours with confident bosoms to meet and vanquish those dangers. A new era opens for Ireland in religion and nationality. Oh, may this ancient foundation, this generous community realize the promise of the past and give to the future that light and leading that will bring back to our beloved city her olden fame and set her as she was before—an incentive to our land in the works of faith, and an example to our people in the deeds of patriotism!

When the choice was given the Irish people between religion and loyalty, at least there was some dignity in the alternative. Monarchs have been able so to win the hearts of their subjects that thousands have been ready to adventure their worldly goods, aye, their very lives, in the royal cause. History is full of examples of such chivalrous loyalty, and therefore, when the great struggle came between Christ and the English king, he was able to appeal to a not altogether unworthy motive. But to-day the struggle has taken another form, and a new choice is put before us. The cry of "God save the King" has been abandoned for the cry of "God save our stomachs." In days gone by it was our religion that was inimical to good citizenship; to-day it is that our religion is an enemy to prosperity. If we Irish are poor, it is because we are pious. We have built too many and too beautiful ecclesiastical edifices. The time has come when we must abandon the monastery for the manufactory, and replace the church with the chimney.

When, therefore, we to-day are not ashamed to congratulate ourselves on the

building of this beautiful church we set ourselves squarely against the doctrines of this new school. The preachers of those doctrines very earnestly profess their friendship for us, but, so far, the chief outward and visible sign of their affection is a generous disposition to fraternal correction. We have long memories. Did not Henry II. come to civilize us, and Cromwell to save our souls? Hence, even though they be sincere, and sincere they may well be, friendship and good intentions cannot permit us to let pass uncontradicted a doctrine that is false in fact and erroneous in philosophy.

If we are looking for the real causes of Ireland's backwardness in things material, it is not hard to find them. How could we have money when the fruits of the land were confiscated twice a year for centuries by a worthless foreign garrison that never gave anything in return for the millions they exacted? How could we have progress when we are saddled with an antiquated executive, the most stupid and most expensive, not alone in Christendom, but in the dominions of the Grand Turk? How could we have manufactures when our in-

dustries were deliberately destroyed by government for the benefit of foreigners, and at the very time Europe was serving her apprenticeship in modern methods we were barred out of the school of experience?

How could we have trade when our chief asset, agriculture, which from the nature of things must be always our great reliance, was sacrificed by alien laws to the needs of the English manufacturing towns?

If men want to see the truth about Ireland's decadence they can find abundant reason in historical and political causes, and will not be driven to explain the facts that the Catholic religion of Belgium does not prevent that country from being one of the most progressive on the face of the earth, and that Catholic Irishmen appear to share with honor the burden of the greatest political offices, and to manage with success the most extensive business enterprises in every country of the world except their own. As a matter of fact, church building by the people of Ireland has been, and still is, a question of physical necessity. The country was indeed once well supplied with Catholic churches, but at the Reformation the Eng-

lish government seized them for the English religion. You know the adherents of that religion were never numerous enough to fill them, and you know, too, that the government adopted the dog-in-the-manger policy of allowing them to go to ruin rather than that Catholics should use them. Take, for example, this city. Even what is left of the Big Church would now accommodate all the people within the circuit of the ancient walls, yet it stands there useless from Sunday to Sunday when for a few hours its vastness laughs at the little congregation that gathers in its empty aisles. If we had back our own there would be no need of building new churches. But as we have not back our own, are we to be blamed that we strive, even out of our poverty, to afford to the teeming multitudes that throng to our services those conveniences for worship that are allowed in every civilized country under the sun?

But the objection is made: Why do we not confine ourselves to meeting necessities, instead of throwing away our money on luxuries? Build up corrugated-iron churches if you need shelter from the weather, but the

money you waste on marble altars, and statuary, and vestments, and gold and silver work—would it not be more profitably employed in improving the condition of the poor? We read in Sacred Scripture how when our Lord lodged at Bethany the week before He suffered, His friends made him a great dinner. As they all reclined at table, behold a woman came behind Him with an alabaster box of ointment and anointed His feet and wiped them with her hair. As the odor of the ointment filled the room they perceived that it was very precious, and Judas had indignation, saying, “Why this waste? This ointment might have been sold for so much and the money given to the poor.” Now the evangelist tells us that he said this not because he loved the poor, but because he carried the common purse and was a thief. But the Lord turned and rebuked him, saying, “Suffer her now, for what she hath done she hath done for My burial.” Then He added the memorable words—the reward of Mary’s service: “Wherever this gospel shall be preached throughout the world, there shall it be told what she hath done for me.”

So we hold with Magdalen rather than with Judas. We believe that nothing can be too good for God, nothing too precious for the service of Christ who dwells upon our altars. If it should ever come to a choice between the adornment of the sanctuary and the necessities of the poor, then the Canon law says sell the very candlesticks off the altar, and there is no enemy of ours so barefaced as to assert we neglect our needy. Indeed, so inconsistent are they that the very people who blame us for not spending on the poor the money we invest in churches are the first to accuse us of pauperizing our flocks by indiscriminate giving.

But let me ask where has the money gone that was spent on these churches? We have not buried it in the earth, nor have we spent it in riotous living in foreign parts. Some of it, no doubt—a small portion, but still more than was necessary—has gone abroad for materials that might be got at home, but the far greater part has gone for home labor and home material, and has thus returned to the pockets of the people. But it may be objected, again, these churches are not re-

productive enterprises, and, unlike factories, they do not continue of benefit to the community. Not of benefit to the community? What is there that does more for the community, even in a material manner, than the churches? Goodness knows, in Ireland we have a police force far too large for the demands of the population, and far too expensive! But can you conceive the size of the police force and the expense that would be entailed, not in Ireland alone but in any country, if the churches closed their doors and discontinued teaching the moral law? Did it ever strike you that two-thirds of our taxes are spent fighting crime? The soldiers, the police, the courts of justice and the vast army of the legal fraternity exist in this country not for the ordinary law-abiding citizen, but for the law-breakers. Will any one admit the tremendous influence of the Church in instilling respect for order and justice and right, and then have the face to assert that a church is not of continuous monetary benefit to the community?

Moreover, the benefits given to a community are not to be measured by the weekly

pay-roll. Consider what a force every church such as this is for culture and education. It is every day at the service of the people. From dawn to dark its doors are open to the poorest. Those stained-glass windows, those carven figures, those altars, rich with symbolism, are ever speaking and speaking new things and noble things to the hearts of the people. Our modern school would consider a newspaper a worthy and reproductive enterprise, though it speaks chiefly of crime and gambling and the meaner things of our nature. But this structure, eloquent with words that never yet burned on human lips and refining our minds with thoughts that the dull brain can only, in part, translate into consciousness—this church which has been the school of Christendom and the temple of art—this is far more in the upbuilding of Christianity and civilization than all the newspapers that ever groaned from the presses, or all the factories that have belched their smoke against God's blue sky.

It is certainly a new thing in the history of religious thought that men should live in palaces and worship in sheds. David's

heart reproached him that he dwelt in a house of cedar, while the ark of the Lord lay in a tabernacle of skins, and it was reputed unto him for justice. So we, too, with holy David, desire the beauty of God's house and the honor of the place where His glory loves to dwell. Even as our fathers in the ages of faith filled the land with splendid monuments of religion, so we in the age of materialism are glad in our humble way to follow their example. No matter how the seats of pestilence may scorn us, we intend to go on with the work to which our hands are set. We have not the resources or the artistic skill as yet of those who went before us, but these things will come in time, and our hearts are as grateful as theirs and our hands as ready to build again the walls of Jerusalem and to prepare the tabernacle of our Lord, whose delight it is to be with the children of men.

But there is another, and not a less urgent reason for building fine churches in Ireland. In its attempt to destroy religion in this country the English government established here a ruling class based on creed. The ancient inhabitants, the Catholics, were re-

duced to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The newcomers, the Protestants, were lords and masters. The Protestant ascendancy was a fact which no historian of Ireland can afford to ignore—it is still a fact which the philosophic student of conditions must take into account. The Protestants possessed the land, the political offices, the professions, the churches, the shops, and by law a Catholic was not supposed as much as to breathe the air of his native land. You know the long fight the Catholics waged against that iniquitous institution. You know that the victory they won under O'Connell's leadership was won, not from England's benevolence but from England's fear. You know that even when the letter of the law was repealed the spirit of the law remained, and still remains. To-day the evil genius of ascendancy still infests the country, and you know by experience that it is yet a real positive disadvantage in every walk of life for a man to be a Catholic in this Catholic land.

When, therefore, the Catholics were emancipated and began to build churches, what did these churches signify? They sig-

nified that no longer were we compelled by law to worship in back rooms in back streets. They signified that O'Connell's victory had delivered us from the house of bondage, and that the slaves of yesterday were free to hold their heads as high as their broken masters. The old cathedral, the venerable cloister, the splendid church raised by Catholic generosity, but held still by the spoilers, looked down on the mud-wall cabin that was called in contempt a chapel. So even they who possessed them looked down on the people and their faith. What were the people bound, in self-respect, to do? Right beside the monument of the spoliation they would raise a new temple whose enduring stones would be a memorial of the freedom they had won, and from whose spires the bells would ring out liberty to all the land and proclaim the redemption of captives and the acceptable year of the Lord.

This, though they will not acknowledge it, is where the sore spot lies. Hence comes this solicitude for the poor and this grievance against fine churches. To bigotry, our churches are a perpetual reminder that bigotry did its worst and failed. They are the

assertion of that equality in religion which our people won in name with such tribulation, and they are perpetual incentives to make that equality a fact not only in religion but also in economics, in social life and in the political field.

We ask for nothing but what in all right and reason is due us—equality of rights and equality of opportunities. God knows we have no desire to pay back wrong for wrong, or intolerance for intolerance! No man can truly say that here in Galway Protestants have been penalized or persecuted. How many of them we know whose paths are peace and whose ways are justice. They have come amongst and have been made one with us by the ties of blood or friendship, and who in this city are more respected or beloved? Not of them I speak. They have walked among us claiming no superiority because of their religion, doing no man hurt because of his creed. Not of them I speak. I speak of those who forget that King Henry is dead and that Cromwell has gone to his own place. I speak of those who think that William of Orange still reigns and that the penal laws are yet on the statute

book. I speak of those who look upon themselves as a superior race and a privileged people. To them we say that which the builders of this church put in stone:

"We are as good as you. God has put us in this land and has given us Irish bodies and Irish minds, and no Irishman shall be punished because of his creed. If you are more talented, more industrious, better educated, enjoy in peace the fruits of your attainments; but you must not, you shall not, block the ways of opportunity for us because we are Catholics. Every gate to power that is open to you must be open to us. Every avenue to wealth that lies free to you must lie free for us, and every door to education that swings open to you must not be permitted to swing in our face—no matter how bigots may rage and cowardly politicians dishonor their own words."

And let us not be afraid of this program, nor think this objective point too high. We have accomplished mightier things against stronger adversaries, and with weapons not half as strong. Let us have faith, the faith of the men who went before us and were not afraid of the face of Pharaoh as see-

ing the mightier one that stood behind his throne. Do not imitate the stiff-necked Jews who tempted God in the wilderness and experienced His wrath for forty years. You remember when the chosen people came out of Egypt God by many wonders opened the way for them even to the borders of the promised land. There they encamped, and sent men to spy out the country and bring back tidings of its defenses. The spies went and returned bringing evidence that it was indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, but the inhabitants they said "are giants, and we are but as grasshoppers in their sight." Straightway the courage of the people failed and their hearts melted within them. "Lead us back," they cried, "into Egypt: better bondage by the flesh pots than death in this land." Two of the spies, Josue and Caleb, strove to reassure them. "We," they said, "are the Lord's people, and if we trust in the Lord we can eat up the Canaanites like bread." But the people refused to listen to them and turned their backs on the land of desire. Then was God's wrath kindled against them, and He swore that none of them should enter into His

rest. For forty years they wandered in the desert and in its sands they laid their bones—all save the two that were not afraid, Josue and Caleb—they alone of all that generation were found worthy to enter the Promised Land.

Let it not be so with you. You are men, acquit yourselves like men. Heed not the advice of those who would have you hug your chains, because of any sop cast into the flesh pot. Follow not them who bid you, only whine lest the voices of freemen disturb your masters' repose. You are Catholics and Irishmen. This is your country, and here should your children dwell. If they are to remain and prosper, they must have equal rights with the children of every other class and creed. Especially in this age, where more than in any other age the prizes of life go to the educated, must they have equal rights in school and college and university. On you their future depends, and if in you is the spirit of Caleb and the fortitude of Josue your children's children will rise up and bless you as this day we bless our fathers who won for us in emancipation the first installment of our rights.

Now, there is just one more thought that this celebration brings to me, and I am done. To-day not only do we see in the jubilee of this church the passing of the penal laws and the challenge for equal rights, but we see also the glorification of that form of Christian perfection known as the religious life. This church is not only a Catholic church and an Irish church, but it is also a church of the great Augustinian Order.

It is not necessary for me to explain to you what is meant by a religious order or the religious life. Our Lord in the Gospels laid down clearly two classes of commands: one of obligation on all Christians, and the other only for those who were capable of taking them. This is the higher life and the better part. During the history of the Church this ideal has been fulfilled now in one way, now in another. Not the least successful and not the least meritorious of the organizations formed to carry out the Evangelical Counsels is the society whose priests under the rule of St. Augustine have served this city so well. Under the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience they strive themselves to walk in the paths of perfec-

tion, and by their life and conversation to make manifest to the people the beauty of holiness.

It goes without saying that the world does not love the religious orders. Men who find the ten commandments impossible will not readily bear the rebuke of those whose lives demonstrate that the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden light. Indeed, in many ways the religious orders bear in Christendom the same role that the prophets bore in the old dispensation. The world with its wisdom sees in them what the wicked king of Samaria saw in God's messenger of old time. "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy! Thou that troublest Israel?" was the cry of Achab as he walked with Jezebel in the vineyard of Naboth, she had done to death what time Elias came to denounce God's punishment on the crime. "It is not I that trouble Israel," answered Elias, "but thou and thy father's house," and so from the beginning has the world rebuked the religious orders and accused them of disturbing the commonwealth. To hide their own crimes the rulers have sought the monks for victims. We have seen what they tried

to do in Ireland and with what results. We may see the same evil work even now. Every generation sends fresh recruits to join the gates of hell, and what Bismarck did in the nineteenth century, and Pombal in the eighteenth, and Cromwell in the seventeenth, and Henry in the sixteenth, that the French Republic in its madness is trying to do to-day.

Yet if there ever was a time when the world needed a prophet to set his face like flint against iniquity, it is now. If there ever was a time when the example of the religious was a necessity, it is our day, when the world has gone mad after money. The concupiscence of the flesh and the pride of life, these are the gods the nations adore. Wise men call a halt in the wild rush after material prosperity, but what can human words do when humanity has gone mad? There is only one cure now, as there was only one cure in the past, and that is the doctrine of the Saviour, and as it is the end of the religious orders to incarnate that doctrine in its highest aspects, so it is now their mission to proclaim from the housetops, and at the corners of the streets, in the ears

of the demented worshipers of the Golden Calf: "Hear, O Israel, thy God is one God—the Poor Man that was born in the stable that had not on earth a place whereon to lay His head, that died the death of an outcast, and was buried in a stranger's grave—Jesus Christ, yesterday and to-day and the same forever."

If this cure be not applied to the maladies of our times, we may well fear the worst. The reformation has come to its logical conclusion, and they who began by rejecting the Church have ended by rejecting God. What does the future hold? Ye that have ears to hear let ye hear. The deep-toned mutterings arise from every state in Christendom, aye, and we see the flash of the sabre and the glare of the bomb. Europe is like an armed camp, but even in the big battalions there is discontent. Across the sea come the sounds of unrest from the great republics of the west. The toilers claim that they are defrauded of the results of their toil. The house of want is set over against the house of have, and while the occupants of the house of have are few the dwellers in the house of want wear the

threshold of the door. That a great struggle is inevitable, no one denies. In our present system sooner or later it must come. What shall be the result? As great a civilization as the Roman empire went down before the barbarians. Is our system destined, too, to go down before the barbarians of our slums and the new heathen begotten of our godless greed?

But, whatever may befall, it is your duty here in this island fastness of the west to look to yourselves. In such communities as the Augustinians we behold the true antidote for the evils of our times. You must not rely on your insular situation to escape the contagion, for thought has no barriers, and the printed word laughs at mountains and oceans. Your one hope, your sole refuge, is that you stand in the ancient paths. To only one Church has Christ promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and that is the Apostolic See. From the days of Patrick this has been our proudest boast that you have always been loyal to Rome. God grant that that loyalty may give you a share in Rome's privilege, and as in the olden days, when the barba-

rians had extinguished the light of faith in Western Europe, it still burned brightly in this holy island, and Irish monks became as God's right arm in winning back the young nations to the faith, so, if the very worst should come, we pray that the God of Israel, under whose wings ye have taken refuge, would not deliver you over to the power of the enemy, but would conserve you to be once more a lamp to the Gentiles and a light to the feet of the nations.

We pray this for your sake, we who are of the dispersion, and we pray it also for ourselves. We belong to the greater Ireland, the Ireland beyond the seas. But we are not so happily situated as you. We are in the vortex of the coming struggle; around us the battle rages, beneath our feet the ground trembles with the thunder of the captains and the shoutings. In our need we look to you. Have we not the right to demand your help? Ye are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. True it is we have wandered far over land and sea, but when have we ever denied you, when have we refused to bear blame for you, when have we been backward in your quarrel—for is it

not ours? We do not give up our lot in this land which the dead of our people guard for us as they have guarded it for you. We do not give up our claim to impress you in our need. When the great day of conflict comes, and the armies of the living God are set over for the great struggle against the hosts of evil, we pray to feel that you are brothers by our side, shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee, and in that hour the nations shall know that the arm of the Lord is not shortened, and the great deeds He wrought for our fathers He shall work also for us unto the salvation of His people and the glory of His most holy name. Amen.

THE RETURN OF THE ARK

*The Rededication of St. Rose's Church,
San Francisco, Cal., December 19, 1909.*

THE RETURN OF THE ARK

This is a day of rejoicing for you and your pastor and the whole diocese. Once more this church is open for public worship. Once more you and your children may stand in these courts of the Lord. Once more you may take up the song of the psalmist:

I was glad in the things that were said to me:

We will go up to the house of the Lord.

Our feet were standing

In thy courts, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, which is built as a city,

Whose walls are compact together.

For thither do the tribes go up,

The tribes of the Lord:

The commandment unto Israel

To praise the name of the Lord.

For there are set the seats of judgment,

The thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the things that are for the peace
of Jerusalem:

And abundance for them that love Thee.

For nearly four years the abomination of desolation has stood in this place. Since

that awful day in Easter week, when the earth trembled and was still, silence has reigned in these cloisters. When the red sea of fire roared through these streets, our Lord was carried away from His tabernacle, as of old time He was carried away from Bethlehem, fleeing before His own creatures. When the ashes were cold, the bare walls of the church dominated the whole prospect—she sat solitary that was full of people, weeping like Rachel for her children, because they were not.

But you did not lose courage. You did not lose faith in this splendid city. One by one you came back, and are still coming back to the old parish. Like the Jews of old, in the midst of calamities, you take refuge under the wings of the Most High.

Our God is our refuge and strength:
A sure help in the troubles that have come
sore upon us.

Therefore we will not fear, tho' the earth
may quake:

And the hills be cast into the depths of the
sea.

The waters may roar and be troubled:

The mountains may shake at the violence
thereof.

But the Lord of hosts is with us:
And our upholder is the God of Jacob.

Not once or twice but three times has fire
swept this hallowed spot. Still neither you
nor your pastors were dismayed. Again
and again you rebuilt. Your rallying cry
was the cry of the exile of Israel:

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord
of hosts!

My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts
of the Lord.

My heart and my flesh

Have rejoiced in the living God.

For the sparrow hath found her a house:

And the turtle a nest where to lay her
young:

Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My king and my God.

How often in the spring time have you
seen the sparrow's nest torn down, and how
often have you seen the faithful bird come
and build it anew! So you, undaunted,
have once more lifted up the altar of the
Lord of hosts. Your beloved pastor—
beloved not only by you, but by his brother

priests, and by all who have ever come in contact with his kindly personality—he, from the moment rehabilitation began, never ceased revolving in his mind plans for the restoration of the parish. Like another Columcille, the dove of the churches, he found for himself a cleft in the walls. He lived in that mean shack beyond, and gathered you in the little barn that barely sheltered you. Circumstances delayed the work, but he never lost heart. To-day he sees his desires accomplished.

The sparrow hath found her a house :
And the turtle a nest where to lay her
 young ;
Even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts,
My king and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house,
 O Lord :
They shall praise Thee for ever and ever.
For one day in Thy house
Is better than thousands.
I had rather be despised in the house of my
 God,
Than to dwell in the tents of sinners.
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man
That sets his hope in Thee.

I.

The Church is the Lord's house. That is the derivation of the name. When Solomon contemplated the Temple which David, his father, was not found worthy to build, we read in Holy Scripture how he held a great ceremony of dedication, and prayed thus to God:

"Building, have I built a house for Thy dwelling place to be Thy most firm throne forever. Is it then to be thought, that God should indeed dwell upon earth? For if heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built? But have regard to the prayer of Thy servant, and his supplications, O Lord, my God. Let Thine eyes be upon this house night and day, that Thou mayest hearken to the prayer which Thy people Israel pray in this place unto Thee. Yea, hear Thou them in heaven, Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest, forgive."

Thus prayed Solomon, and in a vision God spake unto him and said:

"I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before Me. I

have hallowed this house which thou hast built, to put My name there forever: and Mine eyes and My heart shall be there always."

Solomon's temple was gorgeous with gold and silver and precious stones. Rare marbles and costly woods adorned it beyond all the temples of the earth; yet it was not in Solomon's temple that God's promise received its accomplishment, but in our churches. Our Divine Lord in the Sacrament of His Love is Emmanuel or God with us. In the Eucharist is that Scripture fulfilled, "No nation hath its God so close to it as our God is to us." In the tabernacle before which the lamp ever burns, under the mystic veil is Jesus Christ really and truly present. His eyes are always on this house. He sees His people as they come to worship before Him, and He knows them, and numbers them as the shepherd knows and numbers his sheep. His heart is here forever—that Sacred Heart that yearns over this city, and would gather her wayward children as the hen gathereth her young under her wings. Before Him the holy angels stand with golden censers

in their hands, and, as you pray, the smoke of the incense, which is the prayers of the saints, goes up as a sweet savor before the face of God. Verily, as Jacob said long ago in Bethel: How terrible a place is this! for this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

This it is that marks off a Catholic church from all other churches, meeting houses or synagogues—the Real Presence. It is true that there are many tender, many beautiful associations which make the church always a holy place for you. Before the altar you plighted your troth; for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, till death shall you part. To the church porch you bring your children to be born again in the waters of Baptism. Here they have passed beneath the Bishop's hand, even as you have passed, and have been strengthened with the chrism of salvation, and have received the accolade that made them knights of Christ. Here at the sanctuary—oh, happy day for them and you—they knelt to taste for the first time the sweetness of the Body of the Lord. In yonder confessionals, how many will lay down the heavy burden of sin and

know the consolation that Christ never refuses to a broken and contrite heart. Sanctified is this place with tears, as you sat by the bier of those you loved, and you hope some day to lie before this altar that the priest's blessing may fall like the gentle and cleansing rain upon you before your body is laid in its long home. Ah, brethren, these are thoughts tender and beautiful that cling round this church and every church; but it is not in them lies the secret of its peculiar and awful holiness. It is not these thoughts that fill the house with the cloud of majesty and that move the lintels of the door. It is not these associations that veil the faces of the seraphim and inspire their unending song as they cry unto one another without ceasing, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord, God of hosts! the whole earth is full of His glory!" No. It is rather the fact that there is set up here a true altar and a real sacrifice. It is the fact that there is immolated here the clean oblation, the spotless holocaust, the immaculate victim. It is the fact that here the death of the Lord is shown forth and the tragedy of Calvary every day renewed for the living and the dead. The

Body and Blood of Christ lie really and truly upon that altar under the appearance of bread and wine, and it is the awful holiness of Jesus Christ Himself that overflows, as it were, upon the sanctuary and the church and that runs down its walls like the precious ointment on the head of Aaron, that ran down to the very skirt of his garments.

II.

But the influence of Christ's holiness is not confined within the church's doors. The prophet Isaias said: "In the last days the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be prepared on the top of mountains and shall be exalted above the hills." Our Lord compared the kingdom of heaven to a city seated on the mountain top, which can not be hid. This church stands here in this busy quarter of this busy city as a standard lifted up to the nations to mark the rendezvous for the armies of God. From its massive walls the cross looks down upon the hurrying multitude and they, no matter how indifferent to religion they may be, cannot

but realize that here is the outpost of an organization that may die but does not retreat. Other religious societies pull up their stakes and retire to newer and more fashionable quarters, but the old Church remains. And she does not remain as a venerable antique or as a show place; she remains as God's house, whose threshold is worn by his children's feet. Those who are outside cannot help but see the ever-open door, and on Sundays the multitudes that from dawn to noon fill it again and again. Here are no complaints why men do not come to church. Here are no laments over childless congregations. If men do not come to church the priest knows well the reason why. He does not need to ask them where he fails to attract them. He can put his finger, with the ease of one trained by long experience, on the sore spot, and knows the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eye and the pride of life. He knows the darkness of the understanding, the weakness of the will and the strong inclination to evil. He knows that sin and only sin keeps men away from church. Therefore he does not waste his time with

sensational claptrap or vain devices. He stands in the old paths, he preaches the old Gospel: "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The outsider, too, must realize, for he sees them at every turn that this is only one of many such churches in this city. He often wonders how we are able to build them and to maintain them. He often gives us credit for superhuman shrewdness and business ability; but if he looks deeper he soon learns that, while one or two may have been built by individual munificence, the vast majority were founded in poverty and rose on the generous self-sacrifice of priest and people. He will find in them no distinction of rich or poor, of color or race. From the pulpit he will hear the rich reminded that if wealth has its rights it also has its duties; and he will hear the poor taught that if labor has its duties, it also has its rights. At the communion rail he will discover no distinction of race or station. The dividing walls of nationality are broken down. All are equal before the Lord who bought us all at the one price—Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian—

and he will confess by his very method of speaking that this is a Catholic, that is to say, a Universal Church.

In all these churches scattered over this city—aye, over the inhabited globe—no matter how the message may be put, for priests may differ in age and position, in education and in natural talent, he will hear only the one Gospel, and he will hear that Gospel preached not in the vain words of human wisdom but in the Spirit of God and in power. He may ask himself, since priests are men, and men are human, how is this unity maintained as against the thousand temptations to diversity and the unruliness of the human will? He will be told, if he seeks the answer from those that know, that this is the work of the Holy Ghost Himself, knitting priest to bishop and bishop to bishop, through him who is the center and source of unity, the successor of St. Peter and the heir of that Rock concerning whom is the Divine promise: "The Gates of Hell shall not prevail."

Though the outsider may not believe it, nevertheless is not this a noble office to witness to such great truths? At a time when

the anarchy that has so long prevailed in religion is invading the civil domain and threatens to undermine the very foundations of our civilization, she stands for law, she stands for authority, and she proclaims that the law is over peoples as well as over kings, and that in a republic as well as in a monarchy all power is from God.

At a time when unbridled luxury is breaking the family bonds, and it is preached from the housetops that the home is but a survival of barbarism, and must be abolished, she sets her face like flint against the unnatural doctrine and witnesses to a stiff-necked generation: "What God hath joined let not man put asunder."

At a time when human science, puffed up with its own pretensions, declares that man is only an animal to be perfected by breeding even as other animals are perfected, she points to the poor broken frame and the wasted limbs that lie helpless on the cot of some charity hospital and in trumpet tones cries out: "Thou hast made him a little less than the angels."

At a time when philosophers who, professing themselves wise, have become fools,

publish to the world that there is no such thing as truth, and that what we call truth is but the passing impression on the human mind, as unstable as the ripples that run on the face of the waters, she turns to her Master, Christ Jesus, and worships Him as the Truth, the eternal Truth. Thou, O Lord, in the beginning didst found the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt continue; and they all shall grow old as a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed; but Thou art ever the self-same, and Thy years shall not fail.

III.

Such is the mission of the Church to those who are within and to those who are without. To those who are within it is the house of God; to those who are without it is an ever-speaking witness of God's presence on earth and of God's law. The root of both functions is the same, namely, that Jesus Christ abides with His Church forever, as He promised: "Lo, I am with

you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

And now the ceremony of the rededication of this temple must move to its close. Our Lord is coming back to His own house, whence He has been exiled so long. The relics of the saints have been deposited in the altar, and the solemn rite of sacrifice has begun. Soon the words of consecration will be spoken, and Christ will descend from heaven and take up His abode in His tabernacle. O wonderful mystery of love! You will not see Him come with your bodily eyes; you will not hear with the ears of the flesh the sound of His footfall. You will bow your head in believing adoration, and you will hear only the tinkling of the bell and the low murmur of the Mass.

But, *Sursum Corda!* Lift up your hearts. Behold with the eyes of faith how the glory of the Lord is arisen upon this house. Lift up your eyes towards the mountains whence your help will come, and see the day spring from on high and the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens. He cometh from the east, and hark! how the earth trembles as He ascends upon the cherubim and flies on

the wings of the wind. He comes, but not alone. His blessed Mother is with Him, and He is surrounded by the legions of angels that Holy Church prays may be deputed to keep watch and ward over this spot forever. He comes accompanied by the patroness of this church, the Rose of the Indies, and by the saints whose relics are here. "Move ye, O saints of God, move ye from your dwelling place. Hasten ye to the places prepared for you." He comes with the saints of this parish who worked out their salvation here—your own flesh and blood, whose faces and names you have not forgotten. There is not absent, we are sure, the first pastor and founder of this church and the departed priests who have ministered at these altars. Saints and angels and the King of angels, behold how quickly they hasten to their home! Down the steeps of heaven, over land and sea, over mountains and rivers, they sweep as a host with banners, terrible as an army set in battle array. Like the voice of the thunder, like the sound of many waters, rises their marching hymn:

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness
thereof,
The world and all that dwell therein:
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And on the rivers hath He established it.

Christ is coming to His own; He is Lord
of all things, and hath need of nothing. For
the sea is His, and He made it, and His
hands have formed the dry land. We
merely give Him back His own when we
offer Him this temple for His dwelling
place. He is coming unto His own, and His
own are ready to receive Him.

Behold now the mighty train is at hand,
even at the doors. It stands before the
closed portals, and the thunder of the hymns
rolls through the sky:

Lift up your gates, O ye princes,
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Like the voice of a silver trumpet be-
neath a dome; like the cry of a sentinel on
an outer wall, the challenge rises and falls:

Who is this King of Glory?

The answer comes as the crash of brazen

cymbals, as the sound of harpers harping upon their harps, as the roar of the surf upon the sea shore:

The Lord, strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle;

Lift up your gates, O ye princes;
Yea, be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in.

Lo! the gates swing back, and the great procession streams through the portals and sweeps up the aisle—apostles and martyrs, confessors and virgins, and the humble saints whose names are known to God alone. Behold the stately tread of angels and arch-angels, of thrones and dominations, of principalities and powers. Yea! here are the veiled seraphim and the sign of the Son of Man. Onward they advance to the sanctuary. Rank above rank they arrange themselves about the altar. The solemn moment has come. At the appointed words Christ seats Himself on the throne of His majesty. Angels and archangels and the whole army of the heavenly host and the spirits of the just made perfect—they all fall down be-

fore Him and cast their golden crowns upon the ringing pavement, and their voices shake the heavens as they cry: "Holy, holy, holy Lord, God Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come."

But you only bow your heads, and you only hear the tinkling of the bell and the low murmur of the Mass. "O blessed are ye who have not seen and have believed."

And now, since the Lord is in His holy temple, see that He may find in it nothing that may offend His majesty. Remember that this temple made by hands is only an allegory of the temple not made by hands. Ye are the temple of God. Your bodies are the tabernacles of the Holy Ghost. Take care that you defile not His sanctuary. Once our Lord came to His temple. He came in wrath. "My house," He said, "is the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Let us therefore see that our hearts are swept and garnished and that the doors of our minds are well guarded against the evil spirit that would break in and steal.

For our destiny is glorious. Soon this body of ours will be dissolved, even as this building we dedicate will sooner or later

crumble and disappear, for the earth shall pass away and the glory thereof. Then, as St. John saw it in Patmos, the new Jerusalem shall come down from heaven, adorned as a bride to meet her spouse. And the streets of the city are golden and its walls are of precious stones—jasper and sapphire and emerald and amethyst. Now, these precious stones are our souls, hewn and squared and polished by temptation and sorrow and suffering in this world and fitted into the everlasting structure by the hands of the Master Builder, Christ Jesus Himself.

Let us give thanks therefore this day to the Lord our God, who hath magnified His mercies towards us. Let us pray Him that we may find this house the very gate of heaven, by which we may come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels, and to the Church of the firstborn who are written in the heavens, and to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel,

through which blood we have remission of our sins by the mercy of our great high priest, Jesus Christ, to whom be power and praise and glory world without end. Amen.

THE ARMY OF GOD

*The Dedication of St. Jarlath's Church,
Fruitvale, Cal., Sunday, May 7, 1911.*

THE ARMY OF GOD

We have come together to-day for the purpose of dedicating this building to the service of God. With sacred rites it has been given over to the worship of the Creator. It is no longer a hall or a meeting house. It has become a church, and the word "church," when translated, signifies the house of the Lord.

In the days of old, when Moses in the desert beheld the bush that burned and was not consumed, he heard a voice from the midst of the bush saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground." Henceforth this is holy ground.

When Solomon dedicated his temple to God he cried out:

"Is it to be thought, that God should dwell upon earth? For if the heaven of heavens can not contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built? But let Thine eyes be upon this house night and day, and hear the prayers that Thy serv-

ants pray to Thee, and hearing forgive their sins."

So this house has been dedicated to God, but with a higher and holier sanction; for behold a greater than Solomon is here. Then the majesty of God came as a cloud and filled the temple, but here God Himself has taken up his abode. Then God was far off; now He is Emmanuel—God with us. He has come in the flesh, born of the Virgin Mary, made man like unto us in everything save sin. By a wonderful condescension of His goodness He has left us His very body and His very blood to be the food of our souls. There in the tabernacle dwells Jesus Christ, inviting you, expecting you to come to Him with your joys and your sorrows, your hopes and your fears. This is in very truth the house of the Lord and your house, for Jesus is our brother, and He has taught us to say, "Our Father."

This must be a joyful day for the people of this new parish. The word "parish" means neighborhood, and this neighborhood now has its center. This church belongs to you all. Here will your little children be baptized. Here they will receive the

strength of the Holy Spirit in confirmation. From this tabernacle Jesus will come to them in Holy Communion. Before this altar men and women shall plight their troth in Christian marriage. From these doors shall be brought to you the oil of healing in your sickness and the Body of Christ for the Viaticum of your souls. Here you shall lie for the last time to receive the absolution of Mother Church before you are carried to your last home. Yes, this is the very center of your neighborhood, and you are bound to it by ties stronger than the bands of Adam.

This church which you have built is not a new church in the sense that the altar you have set up here is not set up against other altars. In ancient times, when cities were small and compact, there was only one church in each town, in order to emphasize the unity of the Christian body. In large cities, as, for instance, in Rome, when subsidiary churches had to be built, Mass was said in all of them at the same time, and after the Pater Noster and the breaking of the bread a portion of the Host was carried from the Pope's altar to every other altar

in the city and mingled with the chalice to show the unity of the sacrifice and the unity of the Church. For that reason no new church can be erected without the permission of the bishop. For that reason the Archbishop himself comes to dedicate this building to-day. It is by his authority it was founded, and it is by his authority that its doors are opened. He represents the center about which we all revolve. His cathedral is called the Metropolitan Church; that is to say, the Mother Church of the diocese. Around it are gathered all the other churches as daughters around the mother. Into that sacred circle this church is to-day admitted by none less than the head of the Church himself.

As it is in the diocese so it is in the Universal Church. Christ has fixed the center of unity, the indestructible rock, Peter and his successors. Around the Pope of Rome stand the bishops and archbishops of the Catholic world. United with that rock, they are united with themselves. Around them stand their proper clergy, and around their clergy are gathered their faithful flocks. What a wonderful spectacle, this

unity of government in the Catholic Church! — all races, all nations, all tongues, all tribes, welded into one mighty organism for the service of Almighty God.

No wonder we make unity to be a mark of the true Church. If there is any fact demonstrable from human history, it is the tendency of mankind to divide. Great empires and kingdoms have sprung up and flourished, but the law of death was upon them all, and they decayed and passed away. Even in this most flourishing civilization of ours is not the same law working even visibly? The Church herself is not free from its effects. Behold how schism after schism has rent her ranks, and heresy after heresy seduced her children. In the fourth century the world wondered to find itself Arian; in the sixteenth Europe seemed to have allied itself with the gates of hell; in the twentieth Antichrist appears to be completing the seduction of the peoples. Yet, in spite of it all, though thrones are shaken and fall, though nations sink down into the grave, though apostles betray and stars fall from heaven, the Catholic Church stands majestic in her unity, looming larger and larger in

the minds of men who, though they hate her, cannot ignore her, and shining beautiful and yet more beautiful in the eyes of her faithful children—the tower of David, the house of gold, the gate of heaven.

This unity of the Catholic Church is not a mere mechanical unity enforced by outward discipline. It is possible to drill an army of discontented men into a semblance of unity, but once remove the exterior force and the discipline disappears. The unity of the government of the Catholic Church springs from an interior principle. It is a product of the unity of the faith. All these different races have been welded into one mighty army because they all believe the same doctrine: One Lord, one Father, one Baptism, one God and Father of All.

This unity is even more wonderful than the unity of government. See to-day, as in every age, how true is the old saying, "Many men, many minds." Every one seems to be a law to himself. Books are pouring out of the printing presses, and every book has a different philosophy. Every street corner is vocal with orators, and every orator has a different message. New religions are in-

vented every day, and old religions are made over while you wait. Yet, in spite of all this babel, there is one voice that speaks with certainty, one trumpet that sounds no wavering note. Through the Catholic Church Jesus Christ speaks to the world as He spake to them on the mountain, and it was noticed that He spake not as Scribe or Pharisee, but as one having authority. And the people know the voice and hear it gladly, and obey.

In the old days, when kings went forth to war their armies were drawn up in battle array, and down the lines the monarch rode with his standard, and like peal after peal of thunder rose the war cry of the soldiers as they cheered their commander and strengthened their hearts for the fray. So it is with the great army of Christ, Sunday by Sunday we are summoned to our churches as to the battlefield; company by company we stand before our altars and listen to the words of Christ. And when the Gospel is sung and the sermon is preached we spring to our feet, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same our battle cry rings round

the world as the Captain of our Salvation, Christ Jesus, passes by:

“Credo in Unum Deum”—“I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, begotten, not made, consubstantial with the Father, by whom all things were made.”

And this unity is not only for this day and these times; it binds us to every age of the Church. There are no new discoveries in religion. There are no modern improvements on the faith once delivered to the saints. We believe what the Apostles taught to their age, and the same doctrine was taught by their successors to every age, for they were dealing with the same human soul and the same human needs. So it was that when a name was sought for this church the Most Rev. Archbishop suggested the name of St. Jarlath, the patron of the diocese where your pastor was born and of the college where he and I studied.

St. Jarlath carries us back to the sixth cen-

tury and to the generation that succeeded St. Patrick in Ireland. His name means "Prince of the West." But little is known of his career save that he founded a school in the Vale of the Lark, and that he was bishop of a see that afterwards became one of the four archbishoprics of Ireland, namely, Tuam, in the Province of Connacht.

But the name of St. Jarlath has played no inconspicuous part in the history of the nineteenth century. It is startling to remember that we have not yet celebrated the centenary of Catholic Emancipation. A hundred years ago in Ireland a Catholic dared hardly call his soul his own. True, in consequence of the American Revolution, a few amendments had been made to that brutal code, according to which, in the words of an English judge, "a Catholic was not presumed by the law to draw a breath of air in Ireland." Still the Catholics were debarred from public life and subject to all manner of disabilities. A hundred years ago, in the College of Maynooth, a young man was studying for the priesthood who was destined, after Daniel O'Connell, to be

one of the chief instruments in liberating the Catholic people of Ireland—John McHale. In the long struggle for religious and civil liberty these two stood shoulder to shoulder for the right. When McHale became Archbishop of Tuam his letters dated from his palace of St. Jarlath were read through Europe and America. The *London Times* used to sneer, "Another Roar from the Lion of St. Jarlath's," but in spite of sneering it was the Lion of St. Jarlath's who awoke the spirit of men in his downtrodden countrymen.

And not in Ireland alone. When Montalembert and his companions fought the battle of religious liberty in France, O'Connell and McHale were his guiding stars. Later on in the century, when Bismarck began the so-called Culturkampf in Germany it was the names of O'Connell and McHale that strengthened Windthorst and the Centrum to that magnificent struggle that at last brought the man of blood and iron on his knees to Canossa.

So you see you have invoked upon you a glorious name—clarum ac venerabile nomen. I am sure there is no need of exhort-

ing you to be worthy of it. Rally round your pastor. For many years he has been my companion and my friend. But you know his worth as well as I do. After all, once upon a time, all this territory belonged to St. Anthony. He was no stranger to you when he came as your pastor. You have done well. Continue your good work. Here in this most beautiful part of Oakland, in this fertile valley, may a new St. Jarlath's arise as splendid as that whose beginnings were laid in the far-off Vale of the Lark. Here may your children and your children's children grow up in the shelter of the tabernacle. Here may they knit close to their souls the truths of the faith, here may they be clad with the beauty of holiness, and here from the name of Jarlath may they learn to be courageous in the profession of their religion, and not to be ashamed when confronted by the enemy nor to be afraid with their fear.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

*The Reopening of St. Francis de Sales' Church,
Oakland, Cal., Sunday, November 19, 1911.*

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS

“And Jacob departed from Bersabee, and went on to Haran. And when he was come to a certain place, and would tarry in it, because the sun was set, he took one of the stones that lay there, and put it under his head for a pillow, and lay down to sleep in the same place. And he saw in his sleep a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And when Jacob awaked out of his sleep, he said: ‘Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.’ And he was afraid, and said: ‘How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.’”—*Genesis, xxviii.*

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Most Reverend Archbishop and Reverend Fathers, it is my pleasant duty to-day to congratulate Father McSweeney on the completion of the task of frescoing this beautiful church, thus making it more

worthy of the service of God. With him I congratulate Father Keane, the other priests, and the people of the parish. I congratulate the diocese in the person of the Most Reverend Archbishop on possessing so splendid an edifice. I congratulate the city of Oakland on this betterment of one of the handsomest among its rapidly growing tale of public buildings. I must by no means omit to congratulate the artist, Mr. O'Sullivan, and his assistants, for it is to their inspiration, taste and toil we owe it, as we look round on those pictured walls and follow the Divine Tragedy through its joys, its sorrows and its glories that our hearts are made to feel how we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, and we realize that here rests the foot of the ladder the Patriarch saw in his dream, that this truly is the house of God, that here indeed is the gate of heaven.

The thought that inspires those paintings and the instinct that makes us take pleasure in them arise from the fact that here we have no abiding city. We are strangers and pilgrims upon this earth, and

our hearts untraveled fondly turn to our kith and kin. As the exile rejoices when on a foreign strand he beholds something that reminds him of his native place where he hopes to return, or is melted to tears as he gazes on the picture of his loved ones whom he expects some day to rejoin, so our souls are stirred and our hearts are lifted up when the seeing mind and the cunning hand of the artist body forth the forms of our fellow citizens, the angels and the saints, the sweet face of our Mother and the tender majesty of our Lord and Master, whose pierced feet still tread the rough ways of this world that He may bring God's children home.

The earliest prayer we learned at our mother's knee taught us to call God "Our Father;" the earliest instruction we received in the relations of God and man was, that He had made us for Himself. "Fear not, Abraham, for I am thy reward exceeding great." It is the doctrine of the Church that in heaven the blessed enjoy the vision of God. Human nature, indeed, of itself is incapable of seeing God face to face, but in His superabounding mercy He pours

His grace and His strength into the souls of the elect until their eyes are enabled to endure the light of His countenance and their hearts to feast on the beauty that is ever ancient and ever new.

It is because men were made to enjoy the uncreated beauty of God that even on earth we appreciate and desire the beautiful. True, we have in common with the lower animals a sense of beauty that is complicated with passion; but man has what the animal has not—the power of finding and enjoying beauty in things that only touch the soul. The old paganism and the new seek to minister to the fleshly eye and the carnal ear, but the highest and noblest feelings of beauty are aroused by music that transports us to the threshold of the heavenly choirs or by paintings in which the artist's brush has imprisoned the light that never was on sea or land.

This appreciation of beauty is universal. The rudest mind is charmed with the sights and sounds of nature; the deepest culture pays homage at the shrine of art. What man so debased that he can gaze stolid on the wonders of Yosemite or look

untouched as the pure snow peak of Shasta blushes at the last glance of departing day? What man so coldly intellectual that he will not thrill at the sight of the young sun-god whose marble muscles seem to move as with clanging quiver he descends in wrath to smite the Grecian ships? What soul so dead that it will not stir with pity as it beholds how genius has drawn from the shapeless stone the image of the only Son, who with bloody side lies dead on His Mother's heart that the sword has pierced!

Even though we see now as in a glass darkly, yet we hunger after beauty—and beauty of the highest type. We are willing to spend our time and money in producing it, we compass land and sea to find it, and with it fill our souls. As in the lone watches of the night, when sleep has fled our pillow, we sometimes strive to reconstruct a scene we have half forgotten or to recall a melody whose broken strains barely haunt our memories, so it would seem that through all the ages the exiled children of Eve, in their wanderings up and down this valley of tears, have sought

to reproduce the blurred and fading lines of the vision that dawned on Adam's eyes when he opened them amid the beauty of Paradise—it would seem as if the human heart ever hungered to hear again the wondrous music that fell on Adam's ear what time the voice of the Lord rang out in blessing on him and his posterity and gave them dominion over land and sea.

Thus it has come to pass that beauty is always associated with religion and the service of God. The scattered children of Adam retained this portion of the primitive revelation, and even when their foolish heart was darkened and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, they idealized the human form and rendered it as beautiful as their taste could conceive or their art effect. To-day our museums are filled with images of the pagan gods, priceless not for any religious sentiments we attach to them, but for their marvelous beauty; while of all the edifices of the ancient civilizations that still remain, by far the

largest number were devoted to worship. After five thousand years men still bow in awe before the solemn beauty of the temples that look out over the sands of Egypt or are mirrored in the swelling waters of the Nile. The old world and the new pay tribute to the shattered fane which the Athenians erected in honor of their virgin patroness and to the relics of the surrounding shrines that adorned the city as with a crown. From far and near travelers still come to meditate by the hearth of Vesta at the foot of the fire-scarred columns of the Twin Brethren that rise amid the wreck of what was once the center of the world, the Forum of imperial Rome.

But it was among the people that God had chosen as the guardians and witnesses of His revelation that men best understood the beauty of holiness. Of the great temple of Jerusalem, according to prophecy, not a stone is left upon a stone, but the unanimous testimony of antiquity establishes its unique grandeur. By the command of God Himself a house was built on which His name might be not

unworthily invoked. Gold and silver and precious woods, the genius of the builder and the art of the craftsman were bestowed without stint on its construction. From its adamantine foundations it loomed up over Sion, and its golden pinnacles caught the rays of the sun before he had topped the hills of Moab and held them after he had hastened down into the western sea. Through vast courts and noble porticoes passed processions of priests and levites clad in splendid raiment, while choir answered unto choir in music whose very memory ravished the soul of the exiled Israelite into song:

“How lovely art Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.”

The beginnings of Christianity were not favorable to the cultivation of religious art. “Not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble,” was St. Paul’s description of the Church in one of the richest cities of the empire. The first believers were harried off the face of the earth by pagan perse-

cution, yet even in the Catacombs we find the instinct of beauty active and the first pale shoots of what was to become so wide-spreading a tree. There on the rough plaster we see the Saviour figured as the Good Shepherd or as Orpheus, whose music charmed hell to give up its dead. There is the mystic Fish set in the Eucharistic banquet; and the Vine, which is Christ, trails along the wall. The Wise Men of the East do homage to the Child they found with His mother, and the Church with uplift hands prays for the living and the dead. When, after three hundred years, peace came under Constantine, great basilicas arose over the tombs of the Apostles and the Sepulcher of our Lord. Though the empire was declining, its resources were still equal to building and adorning many a fane until its highest point was reached and Solomon himself conquered when in New Rome Justinian raised the mighty mass of St. Sophia, an achievement not surpassed until, after the revival of the literature and ideals of the ancient world, Michael Angelo consecrated to religion two of the

noblest monuments of old Rome, and, piling the Pantheon of Hadrian on the Basilica of Constantine, erected over the tomb of the Fisherman

“The dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana’s marvel was a cell.”

But it was meet that Christianity should not be a mere borrower of the treasures of antiquity, and, as she had evolved her own literature, so she should evolve her own art. In Europe, however, for centuries the times were not propitious. The barbarians had successfully broken the spell of the Roman peace, and chaos reigned in the land. In those circumstances art fled to the cloisters and was chiefly devoted to the adorning of the shrines of the saints or the vessels of the altar, and to transcribing and illuminating the text of Holy Writ. In one museum of Dublin may be seen to-day what has been called the most beautiful book in the world—the Book of Kells, a copy of the Gospels illuminated by the hands of Irish monks, and in another the work of an Irish goldsmith, the Cross of Cong, the

most graceful and elegant treatment that human genius has ever bestowed on the simple elements of the sign of salvation.

In Italy, and especially in Tuscany, when law and order were in some measure restored, the stiff and conventional traditions into which the ancient art had hardened began gradually to soften and to live. The gloomy churches soon shone with golden angels, and along the cloister walls marched the resplendent procession of the saints. The climax of love and purity was reached in those innumerable pictures of the Mother and Child that still have power, even in the uncongenial surroundings of a museum, to touch the heart with religious feeling. The height of all art was achieved in the beauty of suffering when the unbelievable report of the prophet was bodied forth in some altar piece that a smitten man should reign in majesty from the shameful tree.

It was in Northern France that architecture received its Christian development. While St. Patrick was still preaching in Ireland he tells us that collections were taken up in all the churches to ransom

the Christians of Gaul, who had been enslaved by the pagan Franks. Soon afterwards, under their king, Clovis, they became Catholics and began their memorable career of service in the cause of Christ. It was seven hundred years, however, before their genius turned from arms to art. By the end of the eleventh century the barbarian invasions had ceased, and Western Europe enjoyed a return of prosperity. Straightway an era of church building began, and from the Atlantic to the Dead Sea, wherever Frankish influence was felt, cathedrals and churches sprang up as suddenly as in a spring night a Californian hillside robes itself in the wild flowers' purple and gold.

A new style of building had been born. Its enemies have nicknamed it Gothic, and of a truth, while reared on the Roman foundations, it was the response to the call of the forest in the blood of the Franks. For untold centuries before they had crossed the Rhine they had lived among the immemorial woods that covered the German Fatherland. In temples built by nature herself they had worshiped their

divinities. By the trunk of some lofty pine they had erected their simple altars, and under the spreading branches they had immolated their rude victims. When, therefore, the demand arose for newer and more fitting churches in the Middle Ages it seemed as if, after seven centuries, the old instincts of the forest stirred in their hearts. From the beginning of time the great problem of architecture has been the problem of the roof. How to cover in large spaces has taxed the ingenuity of man. The Egyptians attempted its solution by frequent walls and closely ranged columns supporting horizontal slabs. The Greeks lightened the Egyptian treatment, but the principle was the same. The practical genius of Rome by introducing the arch and vault solved the problem with the material her builders had at hand. But the drawback of the arch and vault is that they never sleep, they tend to sag at the top and to bulge at the sides. To overcome those thrusts the Romans supported the arch and vault by immense masses of masonry, which indeed gave their buildings a solidity that defies the elements

and the years, but at the same time produces a sense of immobility that seems to weigh the human spirit down.

It was on this static mass that Frankish genius laid its hand, and lo! it energized and lived. The mediæval architects went to the forest for their inspiration, and to what nobler model could they go? What man can stand on some Californian mountain side, amid the ancient trees, and, looking far over valley and plain, and not cry out with the Psalmist: "Laude Dominum de terra, montes et omnes colles, ligna fructifera et omnes cedri—Praise ye the Lord from the earth: ye mountains and every hill: ye fruitful trees and all ye cedars." Let it be in the day that he rests in the welcome shade and watches the sunlight stream through the interlacing branches, only a mean soul will refuse to bow with reverence in this solemn temple not made with hands. But far more at night—and alone. The sounds of the day are hushed, and the thin voice of the water-course ascends from the canyon, as if one played a simple melody on the upper record of the organ. The tree

tops sway and bend noiselessly under the feet of the angel hosts that march forth to the wars of God. The harvest stars sing together their Creator's glory as they come flaming up the eastern sky, while low down in the west the young moon hangs like a silver sanctuary lamp before Him who hath set His tabernacle in the sun.

So at the inspiration of the Franks the massive Roman walls melted away and their places were taken by the fairy tracery of stained-glass windows that glowed with the figures of many an olden story and the arms of many a noble house. The squat and bulky pillar sprang into a group of slender shafts whose heads blossomed into the leaves of the wood, and like the leaves of the wood no two were fashioned alike. From every shaft rose the groin-ribs, no longer in artificial and equal curve, but like the branches of the forest trees aspiring into the pointed arch, and crossing and recrossing to support the roof. The natural thrust of the arch itself reduced by its new shape was met by external buttresses as graceful as living things and by a multitude of pinnacles like the tree tops in a

pine wood seen from a hill. The bell-tower, which the Irish monks had introduced to the Continent, was incorporated in the plan to balance the span that held the main door and the western window and grew into the graceful spire which lifted up and lightened the mass. The whole building was organic, a system of thrusts and counter thrusts, balances and counter balances; it was alive, it was true. Every detail was wrought out with the most scrupulous finish, and as the leaf on the topmost bough that will never be seen by human eye is as perfectly fashioned as those on the branches that sweep the ground, so in those Gothic cathedrals every carving is faithfully executed, not only in those places where men can reach and observe, but also in every nook and corner that, once the scaffolding was removed, could only be seen by the eye of God.

Inside those forests frozen into marble all centered on one point. They were not meeting houses, they were temples. They were not built for preaching, they were built for sacrifice; and every line led to

the stone of immolation and to the priest, clad in his vestments, who did his office thereat, and to the moment when the voice of the organ dies down, and the ministers fall away from the celebrant, and he alone stands lifting up the white Host and the golden chalice, and the great bell booms over the believing city, and the worshipers bow their faces to the ground, blessing the Lord God of Israel because He hath once more visited His people and wrought their redemption in His blood.

Of course, it is not to be expected that in this new land we can reproduce the glories of the old. It took seven hundred years to lay the foundations of the cathedrals of Europe, and some of them were nearly as long more in building. Moreover, our needs are different. The Mass, the great Christian service, is made up of two parts, instruction and sacrifice. In the ages of faith the emphasis naturally fell on the sacrifice, but we, like the Christians of pagan Rome, are living in an age of unfaith, and the emphasis has shifted back to the instruction. The needs

of the pulpit must now be consulted in church building, as well as the needs of the altar. But the instinct for beauty remains the same, and the people wish not only to have a roof to shelter them, but to have it as beautiful as their means will allow. They do not consider the money spent on this adornment as waste. They know too well the story of the woman who anointed the feet of the Lord, so that the sweet odor of the alabaster box filled the house; they remember too well the promise that the world should never lack the sweet odor of her deed. This is the alabaster box that James and Mary Canning gave to their Lord. They have both gone forth from this world and have looked on their Master's face who, during His ministry, had not whereon to lay His head. Sure we may be that He who promised that a cup of cold water given in His name shall not want a reward has not forgotten those who in their generosity and faith reared a resting place for the Sacrament in which He delights to be with the children of men.

This church stands here as a testimony.

Oakland is destined to be one of the great marts of the world if our civilization abandoned by God does not perish from within. All around shall arise the lofty buildings devoted to trade and industry, but here shall be an oasis in the desert where the weary may rest for a moment in the unceasing struggle; a well-spring in the wilderness where the thirsty may drink of the waters of everlasting life.

A distinguished inventor returning lately from abroad is reported to have said he was glad to see that as the great commercial buildings grew higher the church spires grew lower. Alas, how fatuous and futile is mere materialism! The lofty towers shall crumble into dust, the ships of Tarsus shall sail away, and his own name shall be as forgotten as the name of the inventor of the ploughshare, but the human heart shall still aspire after God, and the posts of the gates of heaven shall forever rest upon the earth.

This church stands here as the center of this parish and its people's home. In these seats you shall sit Sunday after Sunday, and you shall teach your children

the meaning of those pictured walls. Here shall you receive strength to carry the burdens of life; here shall you receive comfort, as you face, day by day, the weary ways of the world. And at last, when the aching back can bear no more, and the faltering feet can fare no farther, you will fold your hands in peace and lay you down to sleep before this altar. Oh, may your dream then be as the dream of the Patriarch of old—the heavens open and the angels of God descending and ascending to whom He hath given charge concerning you that in their hands they may bear you up! Then on your eyes shall dawn the jasper walls and the golden city. Then shall you behold the innumerable multitude that have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. Then shall you recognize Mary, Queen of Angels and Saints, for she stands hard by the mercy seat whereon sits the Judge of the living and the dead. And then, as the never-ending chant of cherubim and seraphim begins to thunder upon your ears, the veil is rent in twain, and, oh! the Vision of Uncreated Beauty, the Face of the Living God.

THE SECULAR CONFLICT

*The Rededication of St. James' Church, San
Francisco, Cal., Palm Sunday, March 31, 1912.*

THE SECULAR CONFLICT

The solemn services of Palm Sunday help in more ways than one to attune our minds to the thoughts and feelings that should accompany the reopening of this church and its rededication to the service of God. As of old time, the people bearing palms and singing "Hosannas" welcomed our Lord to Sion, so you this morning, bearing the same palms and singing the same "Hosannas" have brought the same Lord to His own house and lodged Him in a tabernacle that He may dwell in the midst of you. For you are His people and He is your God, whose name is Emmanuel and whose delight is to be with the children of men.

Then with that sudden change that characterizes the Church's liturgy, as in a spring morning the capricious sky swiftly turns from sunshine to rain, and from cloud again to clear, so you stood with palms of victory in your hands and listened to the long story of the conflict between life and

death; how He was betrayed, how He was mocked and scourged and spat upon, how He was nailed to the tree, how He died in desolation. You saw with your mind's eye the gathering darkness, you saw the side pierced, you saw the rock-hewn tomb, you saw the great stone that sealed His sepulcher, and the sad-faced women that watched the place where they laid Him.

Yet as you listened you knew that this was the hour of His victory. He had stormed the gates of death. He had led captivity captive. He had planted His trophies in the very citadel of hell. Already the dawn of Easter is bright upon the sky; already the angels are speeding with their message, "He is risen, He is not here. Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

This succession of joy and sorrow, of sorrow and joy, has been your own experience in the short history of your parish. You recall to-day the pride with which you first dedicated this church, the splendid monument of your generosity and of your pastor's indefatigable zeal. You re-

member that ill-omened week when the sea of fire broke against yonder hill and threatened to engulf your church and your homes together. You feel again the relief and thankfulness that possessed your souls when it paused almost at the threshold and turned and slowly ebbed away. Once more sorrow filled your heart when the disappointed element took, as it were, a late revenge and left you without a roof under which to worship. But you were not cast down. With the chivalry that legend has associated with the name of St. James, you sprang to the rescue; nobly you have supported the hands of your devoted pastor, who has renewed his youth in surpassing the achievements of his youth, and has given you in this restored edifice a statelier and more commodious building than even the beautiful church you lost this day last year.

But your experience is not unique. It is the experience of the Church all over the world to-day; it has been the experience of the Church in every age since her career began. I do not speak now of the material buildings which house the con-

gregations. It is true that the trained eye can distinguish in the walls of the old cathedrals and churches of Europe the various vicissitudes of the times—the ruin and the restoration—and can read the history of past days in the masonry and carving, in the pillar and arch, in the window and roof. But I speak of the Church now in a wider sense. I speak of that great society that has existed in every age since the Apostles, and exists to-day in every country on the habitable globe. I speak of her long career and her present condition, and I say that to the student of history the recuperative power she now displays, and has always displayed, is one of the surest evidences of her divinity. She is the mystical body of Christ, and in her is worked the ever-enduring miracle: “Destroy this temple, and in three days will I rebuild it.”

This is the promise of her Founder. When He pictured her to His disciples He set her as a city upon the rock beleaguered by the gates of hell. The sentinels that walk her walls look out upon “a world of conflict and of vicissitude amid the conflict.” As Newman finely continues:

"The Church is ever militant; sometimes she gains, sometimes she loses; and more often she is at once gaining and losing in different parts of her territory. What is ecclesiastical history but a record of the ever doubtful fortune of the battle, though its issue is not doubtful. Scarcely are we singing *Te Deum* when we have to turn to *Misereres*; scarcely are we in peace, when we are in persecution; scarcely have we gained a triumph when we are visited by a scandal. Nay, we make progress by means of reverses; our griefs are our consolations; we lost Stephen to gain Paul, and Matthias replaces the traitor Judas."

It demands no intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the world to-day to realize how applicable is this description to the happenings of our own time. A cursory reading of the newspapers will supply us with sufficient details to fill in the picture. On the one hand we see in Portugal an ancient Church despoiled and enslaved. Once its children carried the cross to the ends of the earth; now its bishops are banished, its priests slain or imprisoned, and a small band of political

fanatics are boasting that they will drive the very name of Christ from that Christian country. On the other hand we cast our eyes across the Atlantic and we behold in a great republic, peopled by men of the same race and speaking the same language, how liberty has been restored to the Church, how the apathy of past years has been cast off, and the wonderful progress of religion in Brazil more than makes compensation for the disasters of the mother country.

Who can speak without tears of the Eldest Daughter of the Church—the France of St. Louis and of Joan of Arc? Only the lamentations of the prophet over the departed glories of Jerusalem can describe how the fine gold has become dim and the stones of the sanctuary are scattered at the head of every street. There again we behold the strange phenomenon of a handful of sectaries ruling a nation that is overwhelmingly Catholic—not in name only, but in works, for France still leads the world in her contributions of men and money to the propagation of the Catholic faith. Yet even in France the outlook is

perceptibly brighter. We deplore indeed the dispersion of her religious, the confiscation of the patrimony of the poor, the completion of the pillage of Church property begun by the first revolution; but these are more than met by the new spirit that is growing among the people, by the splendid discipline of the clergy and by the loyalty shown by the bishops towards the See of St. Peter. In the days of her prosperity the Eldest Daughter of the Church more than once presumed on her primogeniture. Gallicanism, as it was called, was a spirit of jealousy of Rome and a restiveness under the government of the Holy See. It was on this spirit the French politicians presumed when they attempted to erect a schismatical religious association and endow it with the property of the Church. Naturally when the government proposals were first announced there was much discussion and difference of opinion among the clergy, as there must be among all men who face new and untried conditions. But the minute Rome spoke all discussion ceased. The church of France realized that she was on

the field of battle and that in the face of the enemy no voice has a right to be raised but the voice of the commander-in-chief. With a unity that astounded their enemies at home, with a devotion that moved the world to admiration, with a courage that made every Catholic heart beat faster—at the word of Pius they marched forth to the conflict—and who will be so bold as to say when the smoke of battle lifts from the field the Children of the Crusaders shall have gone down before the motley mob that follows the banner of Voltaire?

It is the law of the Church that at stated periods every bishop in the world must visit Rome and report to the Pope on the condition of his diocese. One year is set for the bishops of one country, and another year for the bishops of another. Thus there is a constant procession of the governors of the Church over the threshold of the Apostles, as messengers hastening from the field of battle bearing tidings to their chief of the fortunes of the war. And as that lonely prisoner in his own palace sits clad all in white by the tomb of the Fisherman and listens to their varied messages,

what a world panorama must he gaze on—what ever-changing pictures of hope and fear, of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat. Here, with ashes on their heads and garments reeking with the odor of the prison, come the envoys of Russia with their sad story, even in this twentieth century, of Cossack brutality, of the knout and the exile and the heavy chains. To them succeeds some maimed and scarred veteran of the Far East to tell the old tale how a new Chinese riot has proved for the thousandth time the old story that the generation of Good Shepherds is ever renewed in the Church who know how to lay down their lives for their sheep. From Spain come disquieting rumors of war; from Italy itself, more cunning and oppressive measures against religion, from the very purlieus of the palace the sneers of the Roman politician and the hoarse roar of the Roman mob; and lest any bitterness should be wanting to his chalice there run along the walls the stealthy whisperings of the traitors within the gates.

But there is another footstep upon the threshold, and already another spirit in

the air. Who are they that come robed indeed in the ancient Roman purple, but with the wine of youth in their veins? From far beyond the seas, from the uttermost parts of the earth they hasten—the bearers of tidings of great joy. From Canada, from the Cape, from Australia, from our own United States, they bring consolation to the Father of Christendom in his bitter hour. They tell of new nations that build in new lands innumerable altars to the God that has gladdened their youth. They tell of the wise work of the pioneers, the noble generosity of the faithful, the good report with those that are without. Dioceses are erected, parishes formed, churches built, schools founded, all the works of mercy multiplied. The Holy Mass is attended, the Sacraments are frequented, the young are instructed, the sick visited, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Statistics are unreliable, and numbers vain, but what can equal the eloquence of this one fact that in the United States alone in the course of four generations the number of Sisters devoted to charity and education has so grown that now it is double the

total Catholic population at the Declaration of Independence?

From the North come the occupants of many a historic See to tell of the progress of the Second Spring. No need to speak of that fortress of the faith, Ireland, that for three hundred years bore the brunt of the battle when Northern Europe revolted from the Church. But in Britain itself the long winter is over and gone. In Holland, in Denmark, in Scandinavia, there is the same story of the breaking down of prejudice, and of the progress of religion. On what more inspiring spectacle could the Father of Christendom gaze than on the long battle line that lies between Imperial Austria and brave Belgium, where the serried millions of the Fatherland, victorious over blood and iron, now face a fiercer enemy, and with German faith and German patriotism stand as the defenders of Church, of country and of home?

What is true of the Church to-day has been true of the Church in every age. Our Lord forewarned His disciples that as He had been persecuted, so should they.

The world would ever war against them, but the gates of hell should not prevail. "Fear not, for I have overcome the world." Hardly had the young church received its organization, when the synagogue, first, and then the great Roman empire strove to destroy it. For nearly three hundred years the combat raged, and it was not till 312—sixteen hundred years next October—that Constantine broke the power of the persecutors at the battle of the Milvian bridge and the name of Christ was inscribed upon the standard of the republic.

But the triumph was scarcely gained when the great heresies vexed her in the East, and the barbarians ravaged the fairest provinces of the West. She lost the East—first to schism, and then to the Moslem. There was a time when it seemed as if she were also to lose the West to the same foe. The robber barons of Italy had defiled the chair of Peter, the Saracens had plundered his very tomb, Spain groaned beneath the Arabs, and only the valor of the Franks saved western civilization. But little by little she reconquered the West, and her missionaries carried the

faith where the Roman legions had never penetrated. Instead of Egypt she gained Ireland, instead of Carthage she won back Gaul, instead of Syria she received Germany; Britain made up for the loss of Asia, and Poland and Scandinavia compensated for the defection of Constantinople.

But her triumphs bore her only new sorrows. When she had established orthodoxy and converted the barbarians, the children of her own schools began to make shipwreck of the faith, and the princes and kings nurtured in her bosom coveted her possessions. The long struggle with simony and the vagrant thought of the Middle Ages was not yet ended when whole nations were torn from her in the Protestant revolution. Yet at that very moment the gates of the East and of the West were thrown open, and her missionaries in America and the Orient gave her back more children than she had lost in Europe, and the prophecy was fulfilled that many should come from the East and the West and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven,

but the children of the kingdom should be cast out.

What more marvelous example of the recuperative power of the Church can be found than the history of Ireland? In no part of the world, in no persecution of which we have any record, were measures so skillfully devised, so long sustained, so mercilessly executed for crushing the Catholic religion as in that island. So low was the estate to which the Catholics were reduced that a judge could declare from the bench that the law did not presume that any Catholic drew a breath of Irish air. And yet do you ever realize that we have not yet celebrated the centenary of Catholic emancipation? In less than a century they have fought their way to a victory that has no parallel in history. They have raised the desecrated altar, they have rebuilt the ruined fane, colleges and schools cover the land, their cloisters are peopled with holy men and women, and that not only at home, but on every shore of the seven seas. They are the church of Australia and New Zealand; they are the major part of the church of the United

States; they share equally the glories of the church of Canada, and they may well ask with the Trojan prince:

“Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?”

“What land on earth is not filled with our toil?”

But we have here in California a memorable example of recuperation, though of a different kind. A hundred years ago this state presented the last example of that wonderful Mission system, devised after the discovery of America, by the wisest minds of Rome and Spain to preserve the natural rights of the Indians, to christianize them and to indoctrinate them with the arts that make for civilization. In no part of the world did the missionaries have poorer material to deal with, and in no part of the world did they meet with greater success. The traveler from San Francisco to San Diego would pass Mission after Mission surrounded by cultivated fields, whose cattle ranged a hundred hills, whose barns were bursting with plenty, whose converts dwelt in peace

within sound of the Church bells. In half a century the Franciscan friars had created a Christian community that in time promised to develop into a great Christian commonwealth. But the fates forbade. The science of the missionaries and the labor of the Indians had created wealth, and the greedy politicians of the time coveted, and stole. They did not know that wealth of that kind is produced only by the self-sacrifice that religion inspires, and that once the religious motive was destroyed the wealth would turn into withered leaves like the fairy gold of the Irish tales. Thirty years later the work of secularization was completed and in the short space of one generation the Mission system disappeared. The Indians vanished, the friars died out, the great barns were empty, the fields untilled, the Missions themselves crumbling to the dust. The girdle that shielded the heathen land was broken, and looking on these white ruins the question put to the prophet came naturally to the mind: "Son of man, thinkest thou can these dry bones live?"

In answer look over the scene to-day.

Not only are the old Missions filled with worshipers, but the sons of the men who denounced the system and helped to destroy it are foremost now to preserve them as monuments of the noblest period of California history. Indeed we need look no farther than the Mission district of San Francisco. The cloisters are gone, the orchard long since disappeared, only the church remains, guarded by its dead; but all around rise the spires of its daughter churches—as in our forests where a great redwood has decayed or been cut down a circle of young trees spring up which often surpass the parent from whose roots they rise. A hundred years ago the thin tones of the Mission bells summoned a few hundred converts to the blessing of the palms. From forty steeples to-day on this peninsula rang out the call to two hundred thousand worshipers to go forth to welcome Christ their king.

And what is the secret of this wonderful recuperative power of the Church? Everything in nature begins, develops and comes to an end. Man is born, grows to maturity and passes away. The tree springs from

the seed, and no matter how stoutly it may stand or how high it may raise its head, its days are numbered. The very earth itself and the flaming battlements of the world were raised in time and are hastening to their decay. There is only one thing that stands forever, and that is God.

“Thou in the beginning, O Lord, didst found the earth; and the works of Thy hands are the heavens. They shall perish but Thou shalt continue; and they shall all grow old, as a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed; but Thou art the self same and Thy years shall not fail.”

When, therefore, we find among men an institution that is dowered with the eternal years, that naturally, so to speak, renews the ravages of time; that is independent of the vicissitudes of men and nations; that is killed and yet lives; that is buried yet walks abroad; that is cast out yet returns to win the children of the persecutors, what can we think of except of that divine Society which we know that Jesus Christ established and to which He gave the

promise: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world?"

And this is the more evident when we consider the fate of the religious systems that challenged her place. Arianism once sat in the seats of the mighty; it had captured the new fresh races that were repeopling the empire; it had won over or conquered the episcopate, so that there was some foundation for St. Jerome's exaggeration that all the world groaned to find itself Arian. Yet where is Arianism to-day? It melted away like snow before the summer sun, and left not a trace to show its former greatness. The heresy of Nestorius not only grew to power within the boundary of Rome, but spread eastward through Asia, making converts even in China, if it did not pass over the Pacific and lend to Mexico, as it did to Buddhism, those rites that seem to mimic the worship of the Church; yet Nestorianism to-day is represented by a few communities stranded, as it were, on the shores of progress. Take even the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. If ever there was a country where it should flourish it was here. It

called for liberty, and it got it. It called for education, and it received it without stint. It called for money, and it was poured out like water. It called for men, and for generations the nation gave its best and brainiest to the pulpit. It had no competitor. The native Catholics were a feeble folk and few; the immigrants were poor and despised and too often rendered illiterate by persecution. Yet in spite of all these advantages Protestantism, as the fathers understood it, is dead in America, and the belief that took its place is rapidly disintegrating. Liberty has degenerated into license. Education has dissolved the Bible and it is no longer the very word of God, but a collection of the legends of a small and by no means moral Asiatic tribe. What even Protestant ministers believe now would be hard to define; and if such things be done in the teachers, what is the condition of the taught? A few months ago a revivalist called upon the people of San Francisco to come to Christ. I wonder what Christ meant to the ministers that were conducting the services and sat about him on the platform? One of them is a

modernist, who believes in a young Jewish enthusiast who dreamed himself into a mission and whose followers deluded themselves into the idea that he rose from the dead. Another holds the less recent opinion that he was a creature whom God filled with His Spirit and sent to do His work. Another confesses that He is the Son of God. To which of these Christs did the revivalist ask the people to come? O sheep, without a shepherd, scattered on every hill!

But as the great oak that dominates the forest is the same as the sapling that centuries ago pushed its slender head above the underbrush and lives with the same life that stirred in the acorn, so the Catholic Church to-day is the same as the humble community that met in the upper room, and the same baptism of fire is still her vital force. The ancient oak bears many a scar; steel has wounded it, fire has burned it, the storms have twisted it, and branch after branch has been rent from it and hurled to the ground; but still every year the sap stirs beneath its bark, and the buds swell and the leaves unfold and the acorns grow

and all the birds of the air find shelter in its boughs. So with the Catholic Church. For two thousand years she has endured all that time and change and the malice of men could inflict upon her, but she stands to-day as vigorous, as firm, as majestic as in any age, and all the children of Adam find refreshment in her shade.

COUNTRY LIFE

*The Dedication of St. Isidore's Church,
Danville, Cal., Sunday, July 28, 1912.*

COUNTRY LIFE

The establishment of a new parish in this beautiful valley was the result of your earnest petitions to the head of the diocese, and to-day it must be a source of satisfaction to you and to your pastor to welcome him to the dedication of this edifice which your faith and generosity have built for the service of God. I will not intrude on the words of congratulation and encouragement which it is his right to offer, but I will merely express the joy that every priest, that every sincere Catholic must experience who sees our Holy Mother the Church fulfill the words of the prophet as she enlarges the place of her habitation and stretches forth the curtains of her tabernacle, lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, as her children pass to the right hand and to the left to inherit the Gentiles and inhabit the desolate places.

I.

It seems to me that in the conditions that obtain in America in general and Cali-

fornia in particular the building of a church in a country district means more for the future of religion than the erection even of a cathedral in a great metropolis. It is indeed true that the Catholic Church is organized, so to speak, on the city. The Vicar of Christ has his See in what was once the capital of the world. The bishops do not take their titles from states or provinces, but from the city in which the bishop establishes his chair of teaching. Still, in the nature of things the roots of the city are in the country, and, if it be not well with the roots, how shall the tree prosper?

Those who have never lived in the country are accustomed to grow enthusiastic over the advantages of dwelling close to nature. Two thousand years ago the Roman poet satirized the praise the learned Roman lawyer lavishes on the farmer's life: "*Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus.*" To-day it is not from the young people raised on the ranches that we hear the cry of "Back to the land." That cry may be even necessary for the common weal, and there may be no occupation so natural, so health-

ful, so independent; but those who are to the manner born know that it is an occupation of long hours, of steady labor and of frequent anxieties. Especially as the country is settled and the great ranches are broken up and cultivation becomes more intensive and diversified, so does the farmer's work grow heavier and more absorbing. Hence it is, that, contrary to what so many believe, life in the country does not naturally make for a broadening of the mind and an elevation of the character. Even in so beautiful a land as California, where the mountains ever seem to call to men to lift up their hearts, the strange attraction of mother earth ties them to the soil.

The fact is that man sees in nature only what he brings to it. Our Lord reproached the people of His time because they had eyes to see and did not see. He whose intellect has been trained and whose imagination has been cultivated

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

No matter how small or common the aspect may be, the poet's fancy dignifies it.

"Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate (if we have eyes to see)
The outside of her creatures and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face of
human life."

On the contrary, if a man's eyes are holden and his spirit dark

"The primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And nothing more."

For this reason we need not be surprised to learn that ancient history, as well as modern experience, teaches us that unless there is some counteracting influence country life leads of its own weight to the lower rather than to the higher things. The steady round of labor, the constant solicitude for material aims, tend of themselves to narrow the horizon and to dull the interest. Especially in matters of religion the drift is toward a contented and stolid indifference. The very name we give those who reject the teachings of Christianity is a testimony that from the beginning it was so.

We call them pagans—that is to say, the people of the “pagus,” or countryside; we call them heathen—that is, the dwellers on the wild moorland or the heath. In the Roman empire, and later still, it was those classes that were the last to give up their debasing superstitions and yield to the uplifting influence of the Gospel of Christ.

And as human nature does not change in the course of ages, we find the same forces producing the same results in our own day and in Christian America. From all over the land rises the complaint of the abandoned church in the rural districts. Sometimes the church is closed because the congregation cannot raise enough money to pay the preacher’s salary, but more often it is because there is no congregation to be preached to. This condition of affairs is becoming so serious that the larger Protestant denominations have appointed special committees to deal with the problem. Many proposals have been made: some to amalgamate the numerous small sectarian churches now seen in so many villages into one strong organization, others to pay good salaries to able men who will be content to

devote themselves to the regeneration of the countryside. But there appears to be no attempt to reach the real remedy, namely, to give the people a religion that is vigorous enough to meet and overcome the down-thrust of nature.

In California this condition of affairs is more evident than in the Eastern States. I do not exaggerate when I say that in our own villages the Protestant churches have lost their hold on the Protestant population. The women to some measure still seek in church activities the gratification of the need of social intercourse, but the men seem to find every instinct satisfied in the ceremonies of their lodge-rooms. The seed has fallen among the thorns and has been choked by the cares and the riches and the pleasures of this world.

The result I do not dare to put in my own words. Those who are best acquainted with California's conditions are not slow to say that with all our advantages, all our schools, all our wealth, the rural laborer is being surely brutalized. There is a picture known as "The Angelus," reproductions of which everyone has seen. It

represents an Old World landscape at set of sun. In the distance is the spire of the village church; in the foreground are two peasants, a man and a woman. The man stands beside his hoe, and both are praying with bowed heads in the midst of their interrupted toil, as the sound of the Angelus bell spreads like a benediction over the land. What is the meaning of the picture? We who are of the same faith as those peasants know that they are reverently repeating the annunciation of that marvelous mystery that has changed the history of the world. Uncouth and toil-worn though they be, they are standing among the shining seraphim who adore the Word Made Flesh. Over the mountain peaks of the ages their swift feet have fled and they abide in the Judean field with the midnight shepherds who saw the heavens open and were wrapt in the glory of God. They are kith and kin of their own village maid who beheld in the oak tree of Domremy the armor of the Archangel and went forth at his command to deliver her beloved fatherland and crown the rightful king.

But what is the meaning of that picture to one who interprets it by Californian conditions and the actual state of the rural laborer as he exists in this imperial commonwealth? The answer was written not so long ago under the walls of our state university, in the noontide glory of our public schools, in the freest and most prosperous country upon earth. Listen to the Californian description of "The Man With the Hoe:"

"Bowed by the weight of centuries, he
 leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and
 despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never
 hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

II.

To meet the worsening conditions of country life many remedies are suggested. Every thinking man recognizes that the country is the source of our national

well-being, and on every side we hear it deplored that the young especially yield so easily to the lure of the cities. Hence not only faddists and reformers are propounding policies for broadening and brightening country life, but serious and earnest statesmen are casting about for some means to stem the tide of population toward the urban centers. It has been proposed that the schoolhouse should be used not only for the children, but should be made the nucleus of civic and social life. Traveling libraries, university extension courses; rural free delivery, which brings to every home the products of the periodical press, have all been set down as the salvation of the farm. Telephones have been prescribed as sovereign remedies against the loneliness of the isolated ranch, and the automobile, it is declared, has cut the last chain that tied the farmer to the glebe.

I need not tell you how futile these remedies are. When a man is wearied with a hard day's work, it is impossible for him to raise enough intellectual energy to read the sporting page of the newspaper. The

woman that needs to feed her soul with the interminable chatter of the telephone was never destined to be a farmer's wife. The automobile has its advantages in the country, but joy riding is not one of them, and then it makes it only too easy for the young to answer the call of the pavements.

The fundamental fallacy in all these proposals is that they ignore the essential difference between life in the city and life in the country. The city is artificial, the country is natural. The conditions of the city, therefore, are to a large extent under human control; the conditions of the country almost to the last detail control the dwellers in the country. In the city it does not much matter whether business begins early, as in America, or is deferred to a later hour, as in some European nations, If a lawyer has neglected to prepare his case, it is easy to get an adjournment. If the merchant misses a good opportunity to-day, he may perhaps get a better to-morrow. But you cannot adjourn the seasons; you cannot postpone the sun. Heat and cold will not come at your call, and the beasts of the field will not wait on

your comfort or convenience. The farmer must watch for time and tide, and neglect all other things to seize them and to use them. They who try to engraft the ways of the city on the life of the country produce the drawbacks of both without the advantages of either.

Since the narrowing influences of country life arise from external causes, they can be met only by an internal principle. Nature takes sides with the material body in its struggle against the immaterial soul. Therefore the soul needs an assistance that is above nature. In this case the Kingdom of God is within us, and religion is the only salt that will save us from corruption.

This is the lesson that history teaches. Into what manner of world did Christianity come? The cities were numerous, full of people, full of wealth, centers of intellectual and fashionable life—even the small provincial towns abodes of luxury. On the other hand, the country was divided into immense estates whose landlords cultivated them by legions of slaves. Dimly through the mist of ages we see the Church as she went forth from the cities to the evangeli-

zation of the countryside. It was a slow, hard task, but without ostentation or clamor, as the empire waxed or waned, as barbarous people and warlike kings passed and repassed on the stage of history, she was renewing the face of the earth. Slowly but surely the great prison workhouses, in which the slaves were herded, crumbled and disappeared. The law of Christian marriage had undermined their foundations, and the law of the Christian family had built out of the fragments the Christian home. Around the church or abbey the hamlets clustered, and often had church or abbey to draw the sword of the spirit to protect the nascent franchises of the peasants against the stern war lord who from his frowning castle guarded or troubled the land. Age by age the influences of Christianity sank deeper and deeper, and age by age rural life in Europe grew more refined and beautiful. Religion colored its every department, as in the ancient churches the splendor of the stained glass windows follows the sun and transmutes the dull pavement into mosaics that outshine the marble floors of regal

palaces and arrays the carven leaves of the gray pillars in a glory that surpasses Solomon's own.

From the wayside shrine the figure of the Crucified looked down on the weary traveler and spoke to ears that heard, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It rose in the midst of the market-place and cried aloud to buyers and sellers, "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The Church was the center of their life, and the consecrated bell marked their hours of labor as well as their hours of prayer, for with them to labor was to pray. Sunday and frequent feast days wisely limited their time of toil and called them to read the Bible of the poor in the painted windows and to follow the history of Redemption in the Holy Mass. In the churchyard itself the festive stage was erected and the Mystery plays awed and delighted their simple souls. On the village green the young contended in clean and lusty sports, while the fathers of the hamlet boasted of the champions of the days of old. In the long

winter nights the minstrels, who were of the cottage as well as of the hall, told the tales of daring knights and fair ladies, or chanted the legends that clung to rock and river, to ruined church and holy well. The unseen world was very real to them, and it was by leaning on the invisible that they were able to resist the overpowering pressure of the visible and material. It was of such a village transplanted to these American shores that Longfellow sings in "Evangeline," and who can read unmoved the majestic yet simple lines in which he describes the home of the Acadian farmers?

"Men whose lives glided on like rivers that
watered the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting
the image of heaven."

In these mad days of the pursuit of wealth, amid all the clamor and cry of public life, like a fresh breath of air from the pine woods to a fevered brow, like a draught of the cool, clear spring to the parched throat the poet's verses fall upon our ears—

“Thus dwelt together in love these simple
Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man.
Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy,
the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor
bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and
the hearts of their owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest
lived in abundance.”

But why go far afield for examples?
The same miracle — nay, a greater — was
worked here in our own California. It is
one of the mysteries of history that a land
so fertile as this, so blessed by nature, should
have been held by the most degraded of all
the native peoples of the continent. Yet the
Spanish missionaries came and wrought of
this wretched material the wonder whose
very ruins won from the cynical gold-seeker
the deathless song:

“Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten
music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance:

"I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices
blending
Girdle the heathen land.

"Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls."

III.

To-day, then, the dedication of this church means not alone that the spiritual wants of the Catholic residents of this valley have been met, but it means also that a new element of permanency has been added to the life of this community and of the whole state. In the nature of things the city draws its population from the rural districts, for the city is a cruel beast that devours its own children. Therefore it is a necessity for our civic welfare that the rural districts be populated and that they be populated by men and women of the best stock.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may
fade—

A breath can make them, as a breath has
made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

California, like every normal state, must depend upon her land. Her mines may still produce gold and silver, and in greater abundance; her oil wells may increase and multiply, her mountain streams furnish power to innumerable factories, but her main reliance must be upon the soil. Agriculture must be always her greatest resource; and agriculture means the application of human industry to the land. How shall that industry be organized? There are two types — the pagan type of landlords, cultivating their domains by slaves; the Christian and American type of free-men, owning and working their own farms. It is said that extremes meet, and for a time it seemed as if California were to revert to the conditions of the Roman empire at the beginning of the Christian era. It was claimed, and it is still claimed in some quarters, that only by the employment of hordes of semi-slaves from the Orient can

the resources of California be profitably developed. Certainly the claim cannot be successfully refuted, if the people will not stay on the land and if the ranchers must rely on the migratory laborer or the tramp. Every influence, therefore, that helps in the uplift of country life and the betterment of those who make their living by the soil tends to the increase and consolidation of the rural population, and is therefore an element of strength to the state and of prosperity to the whole community.

Such a cornerstone we lay to-day in Sion. We come to you, not in the vain words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and of power. We bring you no new religion made by human hands; we bring you the ancient faith once delivered to the saints. Your pastor appears before you with no devices of his own invention, but sent by the successor of the Apostles, with the same commission given to the Apostles: "As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you." The doctrines he preaches are not his, but the same doctrines that proceeded from the mouth of Christ Himself, "He that heareth you heareth Me." We teach those doctrines

with no faltering voice nor doubting heart; we teach them in their full height and length and breadth, as the infallible revelation of Him who has promised to be with us all days, even unto the consummation of the world. We are no timid experimenters or rash enthusiasts. We come to you with the experience of two thousand years, and the sobering responsibility of generations of love and loyalty. The old Church appears in the midst of you, not broken down and weak to claim your pity and protection, but she renews her youth with the youth of this community, and she stands like a queen, confident in her strength to do in this age and for this people the work that God has wrought by her in every age and for every nation since her career began.

This edifice is yet new, and round it cling no tender memories, but year by year it will grow into your hearts, and sweet associations will attach themselves to it like ivy to the wall. Here your children will be baptized, your marriages blest, your dead mourned. Here the little ones will be taught their faith, here they will be brought to the feet of Jesus in the Sacrament of His

love. Here will the bishop lay his hands upon them to make them strong and perfect Christians. Here will you learn to come in your joys and your sorrows to pray before the tabernacle. Here at the feet of His priest you will lay down the burden of your sins. Here, Sunday after Sunday, will you assist at the Divine Sacrifice and listen to the preaching of the Word of God. Here will you receive the Sacrament of Christ's body, and from those doors will it be borne to your homes what time the dread visitant summons you, that it may be your sustenance, your Viaticum, as you pass through the valley of the shadow of death. As the years go by this church will grow dearer to the dwellers in this district, and perhaps some time, when your children and your children's children shall have listened, as listen they must, to the call of the city, and in the hard struggle for existence or in the superabounding joys of life have neglected or forgotten the training of their childhood, in a season of pain or an hour of danger, the thought of this sanctuary shall come back to them to soften the hard heart and recall the straying soul, and they shall re-

ceive the grace to remember the days when they were nourished by this altar and to cry for mercy unto the God who gladdened their youth.

The doctrines you will be taught here, the Sacraments that will be administered, the Sacrifice that will be offered, the prayers that will ascend like incense before the throne of the Most High — these are the means appointed by God Himself to aid you in the defense of the soul against the encroachment of material things. Means they are, reliable as the eternal hills that shelter your valley, comprehensive as the heavens that roof it in. For you the rising sun will not be a stern taskmaster calling you to labor on an earth of iron, beneath a sky of brass, but it will be the gracious symbol of the Dayspring from on high, the Just Judge who will come one day in glory to reward you for the least of the works you have done in His name. The falling rain, the springing blade, the ripening crops, will be forever to you a repetition of the miracle in the wilderness where He multiplied the loaves and the fishes lest those that followed Him might faint on the way, for

now as then He hath compassion upon the multitude. At the day's end, when the evening star hangs over yonder hills, you will not sink stupidly to sleep like the tired beast, but you will lift up your heart to the blessed Mother of God who is the Star of the Sea, and pray that when the call comes for you to set forth over the dark and bitter waters she will bring you safe to port and home, to the company of the angels, and to Jesus, the fruit of her womb.

THE APOSTOLIC CHOIR

*The Dedication of St. Philip's Church, San
Francisco, Cal., Sunday, January 19, 1913.*

THE APOSTOLIC CHOIR

In the memorable year 1776, in the spring time, before this republic was born, Captain Anza, Father Font and Lieutenant Moraga led an expedition from Monterey for the purpose of selecting a site for a royal Presidio, or fort, and two missions on the shores of San Francisco bay. On Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of March, they camped at Point Lobos, and on the following day marked out the tableland back of Fort Point as the future Presidio. Then turning to the southeast, and crossing the rolling hills they came into this district on Friday, which that year happened to be the Friday before Palm Sunday, and therefore the Feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here they found a small lake, and a beautiful streamlet running into what was afterward known as Mission bay. In accordance with the Spanish custom they called the lake and stream after the festival of the day, and thus it came to pass that this part of the peninsula was dedicated to the Mother of God, under the title of her Do-

lors. Noting that the water was good, the soil fertile and the situation sheltered, they decided that the Mission of San Francisco should be built on Dolores creek.

On their return to headquarters their projects were approved, and on the seventh of June, Lieutenant Moraga, with colonists and friars, set out to found the Presidio and Mission. Traveling by easy stages, they arrived at Dolores lake on the twenty-seventh and pitched their tents by its waters. On the twenty-ninth, the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, the first Mass was said, by Father Palou, in a brushwood booth, and not long afterwards work was begun on the Presidio and the Mission. The former was finished by the middle of September, and in the early part of October the latter was dedicated, with such solemnity as their pioneer resources permitted, to the seraphic founder and patron of the Franciscan Order, under the title of the Mission of St. Francis of Assisi.

It would seem, however, if it be lawful so to speak, as if our Lady were jealous of her prior title to the spot. In the many changes that were impending the little lake would

be filled in and forgotten. The streamlet that wound among the willows and danced before the wild flowers would be bricked over and would pursue its way through a noisome sewer, hidden forever from the purifying glances of the sun and the eyes of the chaste stars. And so it seemed, lest the memory of her name should be blotted out, that even in those early days men began to apply the name of Dolores to the Mission. St. Francis held for his own the great bay and the great city that rose on its shores, but he gracefully surrendered his Mission to his beloved Lady, and to this day the name by which it is universally known is Mission Dolores.

When, in the course of time, the growth of population in this Mission district made new parishes necessary, what was more fitting than that the Apostles should stand before her face, who is called the Queen of the Apostles? — even as they comforted her that sad Friday night when the greatest of her Dolours had bereft her of her Beloved Son; even as they stood before her in the Upper Room at Pentecost when the fire of the Holy Ghost flamed above their heads

and the Church was born. First, as was befitting, came St. Peter and then St. Paul, not only as the chiefs of the Apostles, but was it not on their festival that the first Mass was said in a booth of boughs on the banks of the Dolores? Then came St. James and then St. John, and to-day we are assembled to welcome another into that glorious choir and to invoke the name of St. Philip upon this church, that one more Apostle may stand before his Queen in this district she has chosen for her own.

It is not the least of the privileges of our Holy Religion that we can enjoy the fellowship of the Apostles and profess our belief in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. It is a far cry from San Francisco and the shores of the Pacific to Bethsaida and the Sea of Galilee. Nigh twenty centuries have passed by since Philip said to Nathaniel, "We have found him of whom the prophets wrote." Yet, across all those changeful years and over those weary leagues of land and sea, with never a break, stretches the Apostolic succession, and we are as close to Philip as were the five thousand what time His Master tried him: "Whence shall we

buy bread that this multitude may eat, in the wilderness?"

You have often seen church processions. As the Bishop went round the walls of this church to-day I am sure you noticed how the cross went first and the ministers followed in order. The cross is the standard of our Great King, and the cross-bearer always leads our processions. This thought was in the mind of the saintly Junipero Serra the first time he looked on the Golden Gate. For various reasons he had not been at the founding of Mission Dolores, and first visited it a year later. On the Feast of St. Francis, 1777, he sang the High Mass, and afterwards they took him to the Presidio and showed him the Golden Gate. As he gazed on that magnificent estuary and saw the bay, like another Mediterranean, on his right stretching north and south as far as eye could see, he remembered the time when he had crossed over the Gulf of California from Mexico, and the march on foot from the extremity of that barren peninsula under scorching skies and through sandy deserts; there rose before his mind the picture of mission after mission for the conver-

sion of the Indians marking the new King's Highway; and his heart leaped for joy and he cried out:

"Thanks be to God; now is our Father St. Francis the cross-bearer of the procession of the missions, and he has reached the end of the California continent, for beyond it is the sea, and we must needs embark again to pass over."

So may we not say that to-day St. Philip is the cross-bearer of the Church of God? As we look back from this new altar we see the long procession of our fathers in the faith stretching through the ages to the Apostolic supper room and the divine commission to make disciples of all the nations. Their march is now through the valley of the shadow of death, now through green pastures and by waters of rest; now they shine in splendor on the hillside, now they are almost lost in the mists that veil the marsh; now they go in pomp and power, now they are almost overborne by the gates of hell. But whether in sunshine or in shadow, in peace or in war, in good repute or in bad repute, their ranks are ever un-

broken and their eyes never wander from the cross that goes before.

And when we look more closely we see a stranger phenomenon still. All the other lines of human thought, of human endeavor, of human achievement are rent and broken. Forgotten peoples and strange civilizations loom up in the prehistoric darkness, and in a moment they disappear. Egypt and Assyria, Babylon and Tyre, made a mighty show for a time, but their grandeur quickly passed. Alexander and his officers, who were kings, swept through the world like a prairie fire, and as suddenly their power was spent. The stately majesty of the Roman peace seemed to promise eternity, but Rome, too, fell before the universal law. Kings and peoples, statesmen and philosophers appear for a moment on the stage of history, and in a moment they are gone. The path of the ages is strewn with broken sceptres, torn constitutions, outworn systems, abandoned philosophies. As on the eastern flanks of the high Sierras the melting snows give birth to a thousand streams that go rejoicing down the mountain sides, swelling at times to goodly rivers and promising

fertility to the fields, but as they reach the plain their current is slackened and arrested till they lose themselves in stagnant sinks or are swallowed up in the desert sands, so it would seem as if the whole course of human history tended to that valley which the prophet saw in vision filled with the bleaching bones of the unburied dead.

What is it that exempts the Church from the fate that overtakes all human institutions? The answer is plain. The Church is not a human institution. It is the workmanship of Jesus Christ. It was sent into the world not by the will of man but by the power of God. After His resurrection our Lord solemnly charged His Apostles, saying:

“All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world.”

This is the commission in virtue of which the Apostles went forth to make disciples

of every people; this is the life that like an electric current runs through the line of the Apostles' successors to the present hour; this the promise that makes the future secure till time shall be no more. "I, even I, am with you all days unto the consummation of the world." Like the pillar of fire that went before the marching Israelites, so Christ marches with His Church. We do not see Him, but we know Him in the storm stilled, and in the broken and shattered gates of hell. We have seen the victories of the past with the eyes of history; we can follow the fortunes of the future with the eyes of faith. We have not the slightest temptation to doubt. The promise of the Lord cannot be broken. Adown the ages yet to be, the stately procession shall continue its course with unfaltering steps and unbroken ranks until the pillar of fire shall merge into the splendor of the Day Spring from on high and Christ shall receive the processional cross from the feeble hands of His last vicar and shall turn Him and sit in the seat of His majesty to judge the living and the dead.

These thoughts remind us to-day that we

Catholics are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens of the saints—members of God's household built upon the foundations of the prophets and Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. And if you require any assurance of your inheritance here is a homely proof that every man can understand. The reasoning of the Apostle is plain:

“How shall men call on a Lord in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach unless they be sent?”

Christ sent the Apostles who sent the men that to-day take it upon themselves to preach the word of God. Go to the churches or religious denominations and ask them who gave them their commission? Ask the builders of the latest church in this city where they boast of exercising the Apostles' miraculous gifts, and they will answer you that they were founded only a few years ago by the latest female companion of Simon Magus, who would sell the grace of God for money, and blasphemes with her New

England witchcrafts the names of Christian and of Science. Inquire of the Methodist which of the Apostles sent him forth, and he will tell you that his father in the faith was John Wesley, whose Christian charity was so boundless that he would not suffer a single Catholic to exist in any Protestant state. Ask the Presbyterian, and you will find that his credentials are signed by the cruel Calvin and the crafty Knox. Ask the Episcopalian, and he must acknowledge that the founders of his religion were "Henry, the murderer of his wives; Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest." Ask the Lutheran, and his very name bears witness that he springs from the faithless friar whose passions and pride rent the seamless garment of Christ and consigned his unhappy country to three centuries of war and barbarism. But go to the Catholic cathedral, and note how the symbolic chair of teaching is set in the sanctuary, and ask him who occupies by what right he teaches and whence comes his authority, and he will answer that he is "Archbishop of San Francisco, by the grace of God and the favor of the Apostolic See."

What does that high-sounding formula signify? What is this see that claims to be Apostolic? The answer is well known to you. When Christ organized His Church, He organized it upon the Apostles. Out of His many followers He chose twelve, and the twelve He Himself taught, and the twelve He sent out to make disciples of all the nations and to the twelve He gave the power of binding and loosing—that is to say, the power of governing the Church. Of this group of twelve He constituted St. Peter the head when He bade him feed His sheep and lambs even as He had promised to make him the Rock foundation which was to hold the whole Church together to the end of time. All the Apostles had universal jurisdiction, for they fulfilled the prophecy: Their sound hath gone forth unto all the earth and their words unto the ends of the whole world. But when they went into a city or a town and made disciples and organized a church and set a bishop over it they did not give him their world-wide authority, but only jurisdiction over his own locality. The Apostle passed on to another town, and the bishop,

as his successor, governed in his stead, but he was not an Apostle in the sense in which Christ established the twelve or as Matthias succeeded to the place whence Judas fell.

But with St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, the case was different. Christ intended that the Apostolic authority should remain in His Church. Therefore, the authority which He had given to the Apostles as a body He gave to St. Peter personally. When St. Peter died that supreme Apostolic authority passed to his successors, the Popes of Rome, and thus Rome is known as the Apostolic See because it is the only see that enjoys the fullness of the Apostles' power and exercises the plenitude of the Apostles' jurisdiction.

And as the providence of God sometimes emphasizes the truth of His revelation by the logic of the accomplished fact, so has history vindicated the unique claims of the Apostolic See. When he fulfilled the types of the Old Law and in the Sacrifice on Calvary ended all other sacrifices He inspired the Roman soldier to hurl the torch that destroyed the temple of Jerusalem and left the site of the Altar of Holocausts as bare as

the day Abraham lifted up his hand to slay his son. So when the Apostolic authority was concentrated in the See of St. Peter, He, so to speak, delivered over the other Apostolic sees to schism and to heresy and to infidel rule. Jerusalem and Antioch and Alexandria and the upstart Constantinople have long since had their candlesticks removed, while the Christian people have rallied round Rome, not only as the preserver of the Christian faith but as the most sure defense of Christian civilization.

So, therefore, if men object that this See of San Francisco is a new institution which numbers only two archbishops in its succession, we point at once to the long line of Roman Pontiffs in which that succession had its source. Go to the historic See of Baltimore, coeval almost with this republic, and ask where it had its beginning, and they will tell you with John Carroll, who was commissioned by the Apostolic See. Demand of the venerable bishops of Germany, as they meet at Fulda, whence their line descends, and they will point to the tomb of St. Boniface and answer he was sent by Rome. Go to a more ancient hierarchy and ask the

archbishop who sits in Armagh where is the fountain of his authority, and he will point to Patrick whom Celestine, the Pope, sent to the Irish that believed in Christ. So, in every age, into every country, this Apostolic See is sending the successors of the Apostles, and the very same authority that sent Patrick to Ireland, and Augustine to England, and Boniface to Germany, and Cyril and Methodius to the Slavs, and the Jesuits and the Franciscans to California, has sent the Archbishop to San Francisco, and sent your pastor to you.

This, then, is the meaning of to-day's celebration. No parish can be formed, no church dedicated without the authority of him who is the successor of the Apostles and wields for his diocese the Apostolic authority. When we preach, we preach because we are commissioned by his Apostolic command; when we minister, we minister as empowered by his Apostolic jurisdiction; when we sacrifice, we sacrifice by virtue of his Apostolic ordination. And therefore while to-day I congratulate you on the dedication of this church and on having for your pastor a priest whose zeal and energy

and talents have achieved in every place he has labored a more than common success, I congratulate you most of all that by this ceremony you are, as it were, visibly knit into the Apostolic line—rooted and founded upon the Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone. And remember the great procession cannot stand still. St. Philip is the cross-bearer for a day—to-morrow it must pass into other hands. This is your station, but your children and your children's children shall carry it on. They shall be the priests and bishops of the days to come, and may this be your noblest boast, that in your hands the standard of the King was held as high, and that in your children it shall be advanced as gallantly, as in the days when the beauty of the Apostles' feet was yet new upon the mountains and their voices first awakened with their glad tidings the echoes of the ends of the world.

THUS SAITH THE LORD

*The Silver Jubilee of St. James' Church, San
Francisco, Cal., Sunday, September 7, 1913.*

THUS SAITH THE LORD

Among the many pure and holy joys with which God has strewn the path of life there is none more serene, none more lasting than the joy that comes from the remembrance of duty well performed. Touching indeed are the thoughts this day evokes. Sacred the memories enshrined in this church. Your joys and your sorrows, your trials and your triumphs, your hopes and your fears, bring their tribute to-day to this celebration as the instruments in an orchestra conspire to produce some magnificent symphony. But as in the march of the massive harmonies there is one instrument that, so to speak, stands out and directs the others, so to-day in this celebration the notes of the trumpet of jubilee ring out clear and sweet and sure thanking God that here a quarter of a century ago you lifted up His standard, and that here you have held it secure through all those changing years.

It is written in the law that when the

people were to be summoned the trumpet should sound plainly, and not with broken notes; for, as the Apostle says, if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle? This is the characteristic of your celebration. It was no uncertain voice that rallied you in the beginning to the foundation of St. James'. In no uncertain voice have you and your children been taught from this pulpit the doctrines of the faith. In no uncertain voice rises now your hymn of thanksgiving saying with St. Paul: "I know Him in whom I have believed, and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day."

It is this note of certainty that attracts the attention of the thoughtful to celebrations such as this. Other jubilees there are—thanksgivings for benefits received, or obstacles conquered. But the jubilee of a parish has a character all its own. It commemorates the setting up of a chair of teaching and a center of government; and as in the old days the people were in admiration at our Lord's doctrine because He taught as one having authority, so now in

a world of confusion men instinctively turn to an institution that knows its own mind and is not afraid to express it in terms that may not be misunderstood.

For, never since the Lord descended in anger to the plain of Senaar and smote the builders of Babel for their pride has there been such confusion as in this country to-day. In religion the ordinary man outside of the Catholic Church has frankly thrown up his hands in despair of choosing between the conflicting sects—old and new. In politics no one knows what the morrow may bring forth. Principles are hidden in the haze of new speculations and the blind are groping and stumbling at the heels of the blind. In science theory succeeds theory with the rapidity of a kaleidoscope and in philosophy truth is only a working hypothesis that to-morrow is bound to dispossess.

Where such conditions prevail, and prevail so universally, there must be one general cause to account for them. Surface causes are easy enough to see, but deep down there must be some principle at work to produce those varied ramifica-

tions of confusion. I think you will agree with me that a sufficient cause is to be found in the modern rejection of the idea of authority. Here in this country men refuse the right of any power to compel them to adopt or abstain from, any course of action save and except the power of their own sweet will. Its decisions may be formulated by the majority at the polls, or they may arise from the predelictions of the individual; but in both cases the human will is the supreme authority, the court of last resort. Outside of the Catholic body, either in church or state, there is no longer a voice that claims power over majorities and individuals alike, or confronts the peoples with the proclamation of the ancient prophets: "Thus saith the Lord."

Let me illustrate my thought by an incident. A few days ago I received a challenge from a certain socialist lecturer to debate with him the proposition, "The ethics of Christianity are the ethics of socialism." In reply I told him that the proposition was not debatable because we could never agree on the meaning of the

first term, "the ethics of Christianity." He would naturally take it to mean the ethics of Protestant Christianity and I would take it to mean the ethics of Catholic Christianity, and "the two," I said, "are as far asunder as the poles." I can well imagine his astonishment as he read the answer and how he would ask, "Do not Catholics and Protestants believe in the same Ten Commandments? Do not Catholics and Protestants uphold the prohibitions, 'Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness'? How, then, can their ethics be so different?"

But it is not the substance of what men believe that counts, but the reason why they believe it. It did not take the Ten Commandments to tell us that murder was wrong, that stealing was wrong. These things were written on the fleshly tablets of the human heart long before they were graven on the tables of stone on Sinai. What makes the essential difference between one code of ethics and another is the sanction that is behind them. Why is it wrong to commit adultery, why

is it wrong to bear false witness? By what authority do you command? By what authority do you forbid? In this country the vast majority will answer you, "It is the law of the land." We have made those rules. It is the will of the majority that they should be obeyed. We have provided penalties against those who offend, and if necessary all the resources of the state will be employed to enforce those penalties.

On the contrary, while the Catholic Church recognizes the right of the people to make these laws, and to go beyond them, and adapt them to the circumstances of times and localities, she holds that the authority behind those enactments is the authority of God and their sanction is the sanction of Him who is the Judge of the living and the dead. They do not depend for their force on the majority that passes them or on the police power of the state that executes them; their binding authority comes from the Omnipotent Creator, who is able to compel their observance, and from the All-Seeing Judge, who will require from individuals and majorities

alike a strict account of their slightest infringement.

It is the teaching of the Church that there is an authority in the world superior to and distinct from the human will. There exists amongst us a power that has the right to demand obedience from men, whether they like it or not. We still stand by the Apostle's doctrine, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God and those that are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." The whole question is taken out of the domain of fines, imprisonment and hanging and transferred to the domain of conscience. We must obey authority, not because authority is strong enough to punish us, but because we are bound to obey God, the source of all authority.

This authority which exists on earth is, so to speak, ordained in two organizations, the one natural, the other supernatural, the one having supreme authority in temporal things and known as the state, the other hav-

ing supreme authority in spiritual things and known as the church. In church and state the source of the authority is the same, and the authority in the President of the United States is as much the authority of God as the authority in the Pope of Rome. The people may order their state as suits them best, they may freely choose the magistrates who are to bear the authority, but that authority does not cease to be divine simply because it is exercised in a natural organism such as the state. God is the God of nature as well as the God of grace, and St. Paul says to the civil magistrate, "He is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath on him that doth evil. Wherefore, be ye subject of necessity, not only for wrath but also for conscience sake."

These principles are so foreign to the habitual thought of the people of this country that when they hear them they are displeased and always confound them with the hateful theories of "the divine right of kings to govern wrong." Even Catholics, while they admit the principle of authority in religious matters, take it for

granted that in the state the will of the majority is supreme, and that as the state makes the laws the only sanction they need is the coercive power of the state. The idea of the "higher law," which was once so prevalent in America, is practically dead. To-day in political thought the majority is omnipotent.

The origin of these popular errors is to be found in the Protestant revolution of the sixteenth century. When Luther denied the authority of the church it was clearly seen and freely prophesied that his premises led to the denial of the authority of the state. When he made the individual the supreme judge in religion he opened the way for making the individual the supreme judge in politics. As a matter of fact, even in his own lifetime anarchy in civil affairs marched hand in hand with anarchy in spiritual affairs. As his followers here and there hurried to the denial of every Christian doctrine, so they launched into mob violence and rebellion until the Protestant secular princes themselves were compelled to exterminate them with fire and sword and to render the

religious revolution innocuous by bringing the new churches into the strictest subjection to the state.

But principles good or bad will always work their way. The absolute supremacy of the individual developed into the revolt of the gentlemen against the government of the king, then into the revolt of the merchants and the professional men against the government of the nobles, then into the revolt of the common people against the government of the bourgeoisie, and now into the revolt of the socialists against the government of the common people, and to-morrow into the revolt of the so-called industrials against any government at all.

Here, then, is the significance of this jubilee. As in the beginning anarchy in religion was transferred into politics, so now shall authority in religion strive to restore authority in the civil domain. This is a stronghold of the ancient doctrine that God has His rights. Twenty-five years ago you founded this parish on the rock of Christ's principality, and, though in that space of time a new fashion of thought

has submerged the world, it has broken in vain on the foundations you have so well and truly laid. The doctrine that has been taught here is the same doctrine enunciated by Him who said to the Apostles, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth," and "As the Father hath sent me so send I you." You have accepted that doctrine not because it pleased your ears, but because of the authority of Him that delivered it. You have maintained it against all comers, not to be praised by men or to escape their censure, but because the trumpet of Sinai rang in your ears, and you humbly bowed your heads and said, "It is the Lord. May His blessed will be done."

To render more plain the thought that is in my mind I will call to your attention three considerations drawn not from authority or revelation, but from your own experience and the dictates of common sense which may serve to show you that where there is no authority there can be no real liberty in the sense our fathers understood it and we wish to preserve it.

In the first place, let us take the case of personal or individual freedom. Men of our race and upbringing have a conception of personal liberty differing much from that of men of other races. We have always boasted that we were not hampered by the red tape or pestered by the minute surveillance that obtains among other peoples. Especially did we glory that the American woman was able to take care of herself, and she consequently enjoyed an amount of liberty that was often the astonishment of Europeans. However, this community, and, in fact, the whole United States, have been sadly reminded that human nature in America is much the same as human nature in other lands. The case is one which comes under the category of those things "that should not be as much as mentioned among you," as St. Paul says, and is mostly significant in the fact that the many who have discoursed about it have missed its true lesson. It is nothing new in the history of mankind that baseness and folly go hand in hand. The law has never been known to fail that whatsoever men sow, the same, also, shall they reap. But

here is what must arrest our attention—the extraordinary character of the social and family life that it exhibits. There is an absolute lack of all sense of authority and of personal responsibility. The family seems to be absolved of all care for the conduct of its members. Children appear as absolute mistresses of their comings and goings. A poor, pitiful plea to the civil law seems to be the only remedy that occurs to the minds of those aggrieved. Then the inevitable happened. The American girl could take care of herself in our old simple conditions because she was a woman of religion, and her parents, no matter how free they left her, realized that they had a duty to perform, and performed it at any cost. Under our new conditions, with no family authority left and no sense of individual responsibility, the old freedom can only bring disaster. For women decent liberty can only flourish in the austere atmosphere of Christianity. Destroy that atmosphere, and all the laws in the world will not save us from the choice of pagan license or the grated window and the Turkish veil.

In the second place, Americans have always been proud of their political liberty. This, above all other countries, has been the land of the free and the refuge of the oppressed. Our liberties have always been regulated by law and order, and under them we have grown and prospered as few nations have grown and prospered in human history. But already the alternatives loom large before us—must we destroy our civilization to preserve liberty, or must we sacrifice liberty to preserve our civilization? Socialism is the direct product of the idea that there is no authority save the authority of the bigger mob, and socialism is rapidly running into syndicalism and to the doctrine that there is no authority save in the individual human will.

The question therefore that is growing daily more pressing for the people of the United States is what attitude to take toward this rapidly spreading doctrine. If it is adopted our civilization is surely doomed. No body of men can exist in that condition of absolute individual independence unless they wish to exist as

did the Digger Indians of California before the friars came. But you know that this civilization is too great, its prizes too tempting, for men to let it go down merely to gratify the deluded and the unfit. The men of affairs, the men of vision, the strong men, the men of brains will not permit their work to be brought to naught by the feeble paper of the ballot box. Now, there are only two ways by which a stable condition of things can be maintained—the one through the idea of authority, which appeals to the conscience; the other through the strength of the mailed fist, which knows no right but might. If, then, authority fails, there is nothing left but anarchy and barbarism, out of which the Church would begin again to reconstruct civilization, as she did after the fall of the Roman empire, or else, provided that we are not overwhelmed by physical disaster from within or oppressed by force from without, the people of this country will be compelled to keep their civilization by surrendering their liberties and maintaining order by some form of military despotism.

In the third place, how essential the idea of authority is to true liberty in religion is evident from the consideration of this or any other Catholic parish. The reformers threw off what they called the tyranny of the papacy, and the preachers soon found that the little finger of the congregation was heavier than the loins of the Pope. Here in this church as the altar rail separates you from the priest, so the law of the Church guarantees him his place and you your rights. If you have a grievance against him you have an orderly redress, for he is responsible to his bishop, as is his bishop to the Pope. On the other hand, you know his rights and you know he has the authority of the Church behind him against any invasion of them by the congregation. This it is that makes for the stability of our Catholic parishes, in contradistinction to the sudden and violent changes of ministers and congregations among the sects. This is why we so often see, even in this new country, how, as in this Parish of St. James, the pastor—I will not say grows old, for no man would, even from the shelter of the pulpit, dare to

insinuate such an idea in connection with Father Lynch—but, as it were, mellows and ripens with his coevals, beholding their children whom he begot to Christ in baptism and, let us pray, destined to see their children's children even unto the third and fourth generation.

To conclude, let me congratulate you on this auspicious day. Let me congratulate you, Father Lynch, on this magnificent testimony to the zeal and devotion which have been the mainsprings of your pastoral career. It was no easy task to begin the work of this parish twenty-five years ago; you have been sorely tried, but you never lost heart. Better even than the two splendid churches you built has been your latest work—the establishment of St. James' School. Its halls crowded and overcrowded bear witness that your people understand the need of Christian education for their children, and when they understand that need all other things are secure. There are, it is true, sad thoughts that mingle themselves with the joy of to-day. There is many a familiar face absent from those pews and from this sanctuary. In

the midst of our gladness we cannot help
at times thinking of what might have been
and sighing

“for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

But they are with God, keeping the
eternal jubilee of which this is but the
faint figure. We still remain to carry
on His work in this world, and let us rouse
the olden courage with which it was begun,
and stir up again the first faith in which
this parish was founded, that—priests and
people—you may hold watch and ward
around God’s standard which has been set
here as the sign of the Son of Man and
a flaming beacon to the feet of the nations.

DIGNITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

First Mass of the Rev. John J. Power, St. Francis de Sales' Church, Oakland, Cal., Sunday, June 27, 1909.

DIGNITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD

It is written in the Old Law that the tribe of Levi received no share in the Promised Land when it was divided among the children of Israel. The priests and Levites, says Moses, shall have no share nor part in the inheritance with the rest of Israel, because the Lord Himself is their lot and their inheritance. Therefore they lived in cities, scattered through the tribes, ministering to the people, subsisting on the offerings at the altar; in the country, not yet of it, according to the word of the Lord: "Number not the tribe of Levi, neither shalt thou put down the sum of them with the children of Israel."

In like manner our Lord bade His disciples to be in the world, but not of the world. He commanded them to leave all things and to follow Him. He even said: "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son and daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me." The Christian priest is, according to the order of Melchisedech,

of whom it is written that "he was without father or mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life."

In preparation for this ministry of loneliness the Church deals with her children even as Anna did with Samuel. She had promised in her humiliation: "If Thou, O Lord, will grant to Thy servant a man child, I will give him to the Lord all the days of his life." When the child was born and was yet very young she brought him to the house of the Lord in Silo, and Samuel ministered before the face of the Lord, and he slept in the tabernacle, where the Ark of God was, and learned to know the voice of the Lord speaking in the watches of the night.

So the Church takes the candidates for her ministry from their homes, from their father and mother, from brothers and sisters, from friends and companions, and brings them into a place apart, where for many long years she trains them to serve in the sanctuary, and teaches them the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and proves them by many a test that they are able to walk worthy of the vocation in which they

are called before she sends them out into the world to labor for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.

It is no wonder, then, when the long preparation is over, and the young candidate returns with the oil of gladness still shining on his hands, that it is a great day among his people as for the first time he stands at the altar and offers up the august sacrifice of the New Law. It is a pious and worthy custom that his friends and acquaintances should gather about him to congratulate him that the long preparation is over, that every test has been successfully passed. It is a Christian instinct that bids them to join their prayers to his that the angel of the Lord may ever go before him in the paths of righteousness, and that the armor of the Lord may ever be girt about him—the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.

There is a great and wonderful difference between the homecoming of the young priest and the homecoming of other young men, who in the pursuit of their calling

have had to undergo a long and difficult discipline. The young lawyer or doctor or soldier comes back and is gladly welcomed, and takes his old place quite naturally in the circle of his kinsfolk and acquaintance. The young priest returns, but he is never the same again to his contemporaries who played with him; to his father who guided him—no, not even to the mother who nourished him at the breasts. With all the joy there is a sense of holy fear; with all the love there is present a sacred reverence, and instead of the natural order of parents bestowing their blessing upon the child, it is the child that blesses and it is they that kiss his consecrated hands.

What is the reason of this strange introversion of the order of nature? It is because in assuming the priesthood he has received a supernatural character and the man is lost in the priest. It is the priest that is honored, it is the priest that is revered, it is before the priest that even the aged bow according to the saying of the Apostle: "Let no man despise thy youth, but be thou an example to the faithful."

The Christian priesthood differs essentially from the priesthood of the Old Law and from the ministry of the various sects. The priesthood in the Old Law descended from father to son. It was an inheritance in the tribe of Levi and in the family of Aaron. Therefore "there were many priests," as St. Paul says, "because by reason of death they were not suffered to continue."

The Protestant sects reject all idea of a true priesthood. To them the minister is the hired servant of the congregation. He may have great talents and be able to command a large salary, but to his people he is merely an employee, the same as the artist that plays the organ or the sexton that rings the bell.

The Catholic Church teaches that with the Old Law the Levitical priesthood passed away. The priest and the sacrifice go together, and when the altar ceased to smoke in the temple court, the sons of Aaron ceased to be priests. Their priesthood was the type and figure of the priesthood of our Lord, even as their sacrifices were the type and figure of the sacrifice that was consummated

on Calvary. Now, of Christ, God had said with an oath: "The Lord hath sworn, and He will not repent: Thou art a priest forever." Our Lord therefore has an everlasting priesthood, and, if an everlasting priesthood, he must have an eternal sacrifice. That sacrifice is not the offering of the blood of goats or oxen in an earthly temple and on an earthly altar, but it is the offering of His own blood in a tabernacle not made by hands, in the holy of holies of heaven itself, and on the sublime altar that ever stands in the sight of the majesty of God.

In the New Testament, then, there is only one priest and only one sacrifice. That priest is Jesus Christ Himself, and that sacrifice is the Sacrifice of the Cross, which was offered once to exhaust the sins of many. But it is also written in the Scripture that Christ is a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedech. Now, Melchisedech was king of Salem and priest of the Most High God who met Abraham and blessed him and offered up a sacrifice in bread and wine. The bloody sacrifices of the priesthood of Levi, the offerings of sheep and goats and oxen, typified the

bloody death of Christ upon the Cross; the unbloody sacrifice of Melchisedech typifies the clean oblation concerning which the Prophet Malachi also spoke:

“From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my Name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to My name a clean oblation, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

For it is necessary that there should be sacrifice everywhere. Men are commanded by God to worship Him. The essential elements of worship are prayer and sacrifice. We do not worship God by prayer alone, but by prayer and sacrifice. Man also is composed of body and soul, not of soul alone, but of body and soul. Therefore his worship must be a sensible and external worship as well as an interior and spiritual worship. He must not only pray in his heart, but he must express his prayer in words. His sacrifice must not only be carried by the hands of angels to the altar on high, but it must lie slain before the eyes of men on earth.

Now, the one sacrifice of the Christian dispensation is the death of Christ, and Christ is seated at the right hand of God's majesty, offering that one sacrifice for sin. What human eye is there so keen as to pierce the uncreated glory, and behold the print of the nails; what human hand so hardy as to dare to reach out and touch that wounded side?

It is evident therefore that the death of Christ must be shown to men if we are to have a sacrifice at all. And we read in the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians:

"I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, giving thanks, brake, and said: 'Take ye, and eat: this is My body, which shall be delivered for you: this do ye for the commemoration of Me.' In like manner, also, the chalice, after He had supped, saying: 'This chalice is the New Testament in My blood: this do ye, as often as ye shall drink, for the commemoration of Me. For as often as ye shall eat this bread, and drink the chalice, ye shall shew the death of the Lord, until He come.' "

This, then, is the divine plan by which the death of Christ, the Sacrifice of the Cross, is to be perpetuated among men. The Apostles were then and there constituted priests after the order of Melchisedech. They were then and there constituted priests, not like the priests of Aaron, each offering a sacrifice of his own. They were constituted priests by being indued with the priesthood of Jesus Christ, doing what He did, changing bread into the body that was broken for us and changing wine into the blood that was poured out for us, and thus really offering in an unbloody manner the same sacrifice that He offered on the cross.

Since our Lord ordered that the sacrifice of His death should be shown to men until His second coming, it was necessary that the Apostles should hand on the power that was given them. By the Sacrament of Holy Orders they provided not only for the due government of the Church, but for the perpetuation of the sacrifice. To some they give the power of the priesthood in its fullness, that is, with the faculty of creating other priests, and these we call bishops; to

others they give the power of the priesthood without this privilege, and these we call simply priests. But in priest and in bishop the power of sacrifice is the same, and it is the same Mass that is offered up by the humble missionary in the log hut under the great pines of some northern wilderness as is offered up under the great dome of St. Peter's when the Pope himself stands at the altar and the silver trumpets sound.

This, then, is the secret of the dignity of the Christian priest. He is indued with the priesthood of Jesus Christ Himself and holy men have not hesitated to say: "*Sacerdos alter Christus*"—The priest is another Christ.

His dignity does not arise from the nobility of his birth, or from the fame of his name. His dignity does not arise from his natural talents or from his acquired learning. His dignity does not arise from the church in which he ministers or the congregation that he serves. His dignity does not arise from his eloquence, though it is his duty to preach the word of God in season and out of season. His dignity does not arise from the power to regenerate the chil-

dren of God in the waters of baptism, for even the heathen may use that power. His dignity does not arise from the jurisdiction he exercises in the tribunal of penance over the mystical body of Christ, for a priest may go through life without hearing a single confession. His dignity does not arise from the long history and splendid services of the order into which he has been incorporated. It is true he may look back for twenty centuries and behold the Christian priesthood march like the sons of Levi at the head of the Christian host carrying the Ark of the Covenant. He may see their fame recorded in every department of human endeavor. In search of souls they have explored the trackless forests and navigated unknown rivers. To carry the word they have gone to the ends of the earth and opened up new nations to science. They have descended into the dark places of great cities to bind the wounds of the broken in spirit, to lift up the fallen, to visit them that are sick and in prison, to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to harbor the harborless, and to bury the dead. They have braved the plague in tropic jungles or

in stricken towns, not with parade and ostentation, but in the pursuit of their ordinary duty, and when the time came for them they lay down in simple dignity and died amidst their flock. They have been the pioneers of education, the foster fathers of art, and there is no department of human learning or human science in which their names do not shine. They have been great writers, great musicians, great orators, aye, even great statesmen, and some have not borne the sword in vain. Yes, it is an ancient and honorable company into which a young priest is admitted at his ordination, and henceforth he walks forever a brother of the mighty dead. Yet it is not from all or from any of these things comes the dignity with which he is crowned; it is not because of these things the people reverence him and his father's sons bow down before him. No, his dignity has only one source, and only one justification, namely, the stupendous change that was wrought in him by the imposition of hands and the grace of ordination, when he put on the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ and stood before

the world another Christ: "Sacerdos alter Christus"—The priest is another Christ.

This is why he did not presume to take this honor to himself, but waited to be called by God, even as Aaron was. This is why he comes to you now, not the nominee of a congregation, but sent even as the Apostles were. This is why there is between you and him this altar rail, the symbol of the everlasting barrier raised between him and the world. That is why he is clothed in the Mass vestments, the white garment that Christ wore, and the heavy cross that He carried to Calvary. That is why he stands before you as a leader of his people, and he only turns his face to you now and again, as a leader might turn to urge you on. That is why he prays in an unknown tongue to manifest to you that he, not you, is the sacrificer, and that he, not you, has power to immolate the mystic victim. That is why, with raised hands and uplifted voice, he now prepares to enter the sanctuary alone. The solemn hymn of thanksgiving is, as it were, the preface for the great mystery of the holy of holies. He forgets the earth, he boldly faces the gates of heaven, he

passes through the serried ranks of angels and archangels, of cherubim and seraphim, of principalities and powers, of thrones and dominations, and as the thunder of the heavenly hymn, "Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts," moves the lintels of the temple doors, he approaches the altar of the Lamb, and he alone standing begins the solemn words of consecration. Behold, it is now no longer a man that officiates at that altar. He takes the bread and he takes the wine. Over them he speaks the words of Jesus Christ: "This is My body—this is My blood." The man has passed away. It is the High Priest Himself that speaks. "This is My body—this is My blood." "Sacerdos alter Christus"—The priest is another Christ.

What mortal man could be worthy of so great dignity? It is one of the mysteries of God's dealings with mankind that He did not commit this sublime office to His holy angels, instead of to sinful men. Yet, as Christ did not choose to redeem mankind in the nature of an angel, but in the nature of a man, so He has ordained that His priests should be men, not angels. Christ

became a man that we might have a high priest who can have compassion on our infirmities, tempted in all things even as we are tempted, yet without sin. So He makes men His priests that, surrounded as they are with weakness, they may have compassion on them that are ignorant and do err.

It is a wonderful dignity, and would that we were worthy of it. It is something far above the strength of human nature, and therefore only to be borne by the abounding and superabounding grace of God. Catholics know this, and therefore, while to-day is a day of rejoicing, it is a day of earnest prayer and holy fear. Pour out your supplication for this Levite who, in the gladness of his youth, for the first time goes unto the altar of God. Pray that God's angels may camp around him even as they camped around the Prophet Eliseus, to protect him against the assaults of the enemy. Pray that his sacrifice may be acceptable like the sacrifice of Abel the Just, and ratified like the sacrifice of Abraham, our Patriarch, and holy like the sacrifice of the High Priest, Melchisedech. Pray that his ministry may bloom with virtue like the rod

of Aaron, and that his long service may be found without flaw like the service of Samuel. May his heart be pure even as the heart of John, who was worthy to lie upon the bosom of the Lord, and may he show himself, like Paul, a minister of God in much patience, aye, even if necessary in tribulation, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in prisons, in seditions, May the grace which he has received not in vain manifest itself in labor, in fastings, in watchings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God, by the armor of justice on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastised, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing and possessing all.

And, for my part, dear Father, I bid you welcome to your own diocese, and extend to you the congratulations of the priests in whose number you are enrolled. I congrat-

ulate your dear parents and friends, to whom is given the holy joy of seeing you stand at God's altar. May you be worthy of them. And may the grace of this day ever remain with you like the lamp of God in the tabernacle, and may it be a light to your feet in that holy way wherein you seek to discern only the footsteps of the Master whose burden you have taken up and whose yoke you must henceforth forever bear.

THE ALTAR OF GOD

*The Silver Jubilee of the Rev. William O'Ryan,
Denver, Colorado, Tuesday, October 4, 1910.*

THE ALTAR OF GOD

“I will go unto the altar of God, unto God who gladdeneth my youth.”—*Psalm xlii.*

These words carry us back to that distant period when the great temple of Solomon still dominated Jerusalem. It was the law of the Jews that only in the holy city might sacrifice be offered. At least once a year the tribes gathered in the house of the Lord, and the smoke of unnumbered victims arose from its courts. In times of war, when the enemy ravaged the country and the roads were unsafe, the pilgrimages were necessarily suspended. To the pious Israelite it was a daily heartbreak to be deprived of the privilege of worship before the face of God, whose presence was made manifest in the Holy of Holies. He likens himself to the deer in the desert panting for thirst:

“As the stag panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, my God. My soul hath thirsted after God, the living and strong. When shall I come and appear before the face of God?”

But absence from Jerusalem was not his only grief. He lived in the north of the Holy Land, on the shoulders of Hermon, in the midst of a heathen population, who mocked him and his religion. In his anguish he cries out:

“My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily, ‘Where is thy God?’ ”

Still his faith does not waver; he knows that in the hands of God are all things good and evil. He boldly appeals to the judgment of the Most High and rests his trust upon the God of Israel.

“Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: from the unjust and deceitful man deliver me. For Thou, O God, art my strength. Why hast Thou cast me off? and why do I go sorrowful while the enemy afflicteth me?”

At last his faith is rewarded. The war clouds roll away. The armed bands withdraw, and the roads are open once more. The great caravans of pilgrims stream south to Jerusalem. As they toil up the steep ascent to Sion, the pinnacles of the

temple suddenly break on his view. His heart is filled with thanksgiving, and his lips burst forth in song to Him who dwells between the cherubim.

“Send out Thy light and Thy truth; they have led me and brought me unto Thy holy hill and unto Thy tabernacles, and I will go unto the altar of God, unto God who gladdeneth my youth.”

These are the words that Holy Church puts into the mouth of her priests as, at the foot of the altar, they begin that solemn rite of which the temple and its sacrifices were but a weak and ineffectual figure. “We too have an altar,” says St. Paul, “whereof they have no power to eat that serve the tabernacle.” The blood that sanctifies that altar is no longer the blood of sheep and oxen, but the very blood of Christ. The sacrifice that is offered thereon is the same sacrifice that was consummated on Calvary. Far holier than the ancient sanctuary which the high priest entered only once a year is this holy place of ours. Therefore, conscious of his frequent infirmities, the Catholic priest approaches it in fear and trembling, crying: “Judge me, O God,

and plead my cause." Yet, at the same time, he remembers that it is not in his own person he approaches, but in the person of his Master, and, realizing with what manner of power he is surrounded and by what arms he is upheld, he goes in with confidence and sober joy: "I will go unto the altar of God, even unto God who gladdeneth my youth."

Twenty-five years ago Father O'Ryan was given the privilege of saying these words freighted with such holy associations. Twenty-five years ago, by the laying on of hands, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, he was constituted a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. On his neck was laid the stole, the emblem of the yoke of Christ, whose yoke is sweet and whose burden is light. With the holy oils his hands were anointed that, blessing, he might henceforth bless, and, consecrating, he might consecrate and sanctify. To him was committed the chalice of benediction, and with it the power to offer sacrifice both for the living and the dead. Around him was cast the chasuble of charity that, clothed in love, he might exercise the power not given

to angels. "Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." All these thoughts, after a lapse of twenty-five years, pour in upon his heart, and, meditating upon them, the words of David spring to his lips:

"What shall I return to the Lord for all the things He hath returned unto me? I will take the chalice of salvation, I will call upon the name of the Lord, I will go unto the altar of God, unto God who rejoiceth my youth."

That is the reason why we mark this anniversary principally by the celebration of Holy Mass. The priest has many relations towards the people among whom he lives. It is particularly true of Father O'Ryan that he never shirked the many-sided activities of his office. A citizen of no mean city, he has taken a man's share in the public life of this community, and no movement for the betterment of civic conditions has appealed to him in vain. His ripe and varied scholarship has always been at the service of the many institutions of learning of

which Colorado is with good reason proud. His reputation as a public speaker and lecturer extends far beyond the limits of the state. As a pastor he has held and holds his people in his heart, and their souls have been linked to his by bands stronger than the cords of Adam—than adamantine chains. As administrator of the temporalities of the parish, his zeal and ability have been equaled only by his self-sacrifice and success. As the representative of the King who came on earth to live the poor man's life, he has always seen in the countenance of the destitute the lineaments of his Master, and his hand has been open to the needy even when he had nothing to spend upon himself.

But it is not as citizen or scholar or speaker that we honor him now. It is not even as ruler and shepherd of his flock, as friend of the poor or comforter of the fallen, that we consider him here. The day he keeps is the day of his ordination, and it is as a priest he celebrates it. "I will go unto the altar of God, even unto God who gladdeneth my youth."

That the Catholic priest possesses some

power that is not held by the ministers of other religions, is felt even by those who are not of the faith. That power does not consist in his birth, in his talents, in his education, in his position, for it is found in every priest, whether he be gentle or simple, whether he ministers at some great cathedral altar or in the rude simplicity of a mountain shrine. To find the origin of that power we must go back to the origin of religion itself, for the priesthood lies at the very roots of things, and is implicated in the essential relations of God and man.

The meaning of religion is not the bond which binds man to man, but the bond which binds man to God. It is unfortunate that in our day the word religion has taken on a hazy signification in which the idea of God is entirely obscured. "I do no one any wrong; I don't steal or lie or murder. I give every man a square deal—that is my religion," says the twentieth century, "and as for God, He can take care of Himself." But in the beginning it was not so, and it shall not be so in the end.

In spite of the twentieth century, God is the most important thing in the world, and

the most important relation of man is not to his fellow man, but to his Creator. Try as we may, we cannot put God out of the scheme of things. Men have extinguished the stars that show forth His glory, only to feel the earth rock beneath their feet to manifest His power and to hear the floods lift up their voice in their streets to proclaim His wrath.

“Whither shall I go from Thy spirit and whither shall I flee from Thy face? If I ascend unto the heaven, Thou art there! If I descend into hell, Thou art present! Yea, though I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall Thy hand lead me; and Thy right hand shall hold me. And I said perhaps darkness shall cover me and night shall be my light in my pleasure, but darkness shall not be dark unto Thee, and night shall be light as the day.”

It may shock twentieth century religionists to be told that the first duty of man toward God is adoration. “The Lord, thy God, thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve.” We talk much of progress and achievement, of the earth subdued and the air conquered. We look upon lands flowing

with milk and honey, and on cities robed in purple and crowned with light. We behold innumerable multitudes enjoying peace and prosperity beneath many a vine and fig tree. We see merchants who are princes and captains of industry who are kings. Above all, we see science preserving the past and promising greater triumphs for the present. And as we look we are dazzled by the sight, and hardly realize the voice in our ears: "All this will I give thee if thou fall down and adore me." Not till we recognize the words of our Saviour do we wake from our trance, and know we are on the mount of temptation:

"Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written: the Lord thy God thou shalt adore and Him only shalt thou serve."

From the beginning men have performed this duty to God in two ways—by prayer and sacrifice. As far back as we can go in human history we see supplicating arms lifted up to heaven, and as widely as we may range the world to-day we can discover no nation where in some form the heart is not lifted up to the Father of light to wor-

ship, to praise, to bless and to petition. Nay, I might say there is no individual, no matter how materialistic, no matter how steeped in the pleasures of the senses, no matter how intent on the gains or the ambitions of the world, no matter how he has barred and bolted his soul against the influences of religion—there is no one, I say, who, at some crisis of his life, under the stress of some impending danger, in the desolation of some cruel loss, will not feel bolt and bar dissolve as at the touch of an angel's hand, and his soul find relief in the heartbroken cry of David: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy!"

There is another aspect of God that from the beginning has compelled the worship of God, and that is, He is Lord of life and death. We may boast of the achievements of science, how we have conquered disease, relieved pain, lengthened life, but still men die. Of old time the gladiators in the Roman arena before the games began marched in procession before the emperor, crying, "Morituri salutamus!"—"We who are to die salute thee!" Since the days of Adam the human race has marched before

the throne of God singing, "Morituri salutamus!" and we still march, and our children's children shall march till the earth shall reel drunken into judgment, and the heavens and the hosts of heaven shall forever pass away.

It was to recognize this aspect of God—the Master of life and death—that men devised the rite of sacrifice. It was an object lesson, an acknowledgment that from His hands we received our life, and that unto His hands we must return it. They took one of God's lesser gifts; the fruits of the earth, a lamb of the flock, and by destroying it they gave it back to Him in figure. As in the case of prayer, so in the case of sacrifice, we find the practice universal both in time and space. All through the Bible we read of altars heaped high with the increase of the fields, and fires fed with the fatlings of the herd. In Greece and Rome marble temples ever smoked with sacrifices, and in the uncultured north like rites were performed in more majestic forest fanes not made by hands. Even in this new land the pioneers were met with the universal observance of sacrifice, and to this very day

the traveler may behold the Aztec pyramids on whose summits the altars of idolatry were profaned by human blood.

As death is the wages of sin—for St. Paul said that through one man sin entered into this world and through sin death—so the rite of sacrifice is intimately connected with the remission of sin.

God had promised in the primeval curse that He would send a Saviour to make atonement, and sacrifice was a perpetual reminder that the price of the atonement was to be His blood. Lest the rite should degenerate among His own people, as it did degenerate among the lesser breeds to a worship of devils, He surrounded it with many restrictions. At first any man might offer sacrifice; then it was confined to the fathers of families; then to the tribe of Levi and the line of Aaron, and at last to the precincts of the temple in Jerusalem. By these means the people were continually reminded that the sacrifice of sheep and oxen and the blood of lambs and goats were in themselves efficacious only inasmuch as they prophesied the one great sacrifice to come. There was to be one blood shedding,

and only one, that would balance and over-balance the world and the souls of men. That blood shedding was accomplished when Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, ascended the altar of the cross and poured forth the last drop of His sacred blood that full reparation might be made for the sin of Adam, and full atonement for all the sins with which the sons of Adam have burdened this sinful earth.

It is evident that with the death of Christ all other sacrifices ceased. They were types and figures of His great offering, and now the needs of types and figures forever passed away. But the need of the rite of sacrifice still remained. Men still continued that sad procession from the cradle to the grave. They still needed to acknowledge God as the Master of life and death. It is true that Christ had triumphed over death, and robbed the grave of its terrors, but it was needed that the fruits of his victory should be applied to the individual soul. Therefore at His last supper He instituted the Christian sacrifice. He took bread into His hands, and, giving thanks, blessed and brake and gave to His disciples, say-

ing: "Take ye and eat, for this is My body which shall be broken for you." Likewise He took the chalice, saying: "Drink ye all of this, for this is My blood—the blood of the new covenant which shall be poured out for you and for many unto the remission of sins." Then, commanding His Apostles, He added: "This do ye for a memorial of Me. For as often as ye shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, ye shall show forth the death of the Lord until He come."

The death of the Lord was the Christian sacrifice offered in blood on Mount Calvary once for all. The showing forth of the death of the Lord in the consecration of the bread and wine by the Apostles and their successors is the same Christian sacrifice offered in an unbloody manner upon every altar in the Christian Church, where by virtue of the power given in the supper room the priest changes bread into Christ's body and wine into His blood.

Now, the nature of sacrifice is such that three things are necessary to it, namely, the thing offered, or the victim, the person offering, or the priest, and the place where

it is offered, or the altar. Priest, victim and altar go together, and therefore when St. Paul says that the early Christian had an altar he implies that they had also a victim and a priest.

In the sacrifice of the Cross Christ was both priest and victim. He, the great High Priest, offered Himself, the Lamb of God, that took away the sins of the world. Hence, as we have now only one sacrifice, so we have only one priest. When Christ, therefore, at the last supper ordered His Apostles to offer His sacrifice, He necessarily constituted them priests. But He did not make them priests as were the priests of Aaron, each for himself. He made them priests by induing them with His own eternal priesthood, so that they should do what He ordered them to do in His name and by His power. He gave them a dignity such as He had not conferred on men since the world began. He made them, as it were, replications of His own personality. When they stood at the altar it was no longer Peter or James or John that spoke; it was Jesus Christ Himself: "This is My body; this is My blood."

Such is the wondrous dignity that through two thousand years has been handed down in the Catholic Church. Such are the powers that Christ has chosen to confer on men, sinful as they are and girt around about with weakness. Such is the secret that makes even those outside the Church regard the priest as a man set apart from all other clergymen. Such is the reason why Catholics show such reverence and respect for the priestly character, for it is not the man they revere or his gifts or achievements; it is that they see in him the likeness of Him who is invisible as he stands at the altar repeating the words of Christ, "*Sacerdos alter Christus*"--The priest is another Christ.

This, then is the significance of our celebration to-day. Twenty-five years ago Father O'Ryan was ordained to serve at the altar and to bear the person of Christ. He was given power to offer a true sacrifice, which avails for the living and the dead. He was made a real priest, and, behold, unto what a goodly company he entered! How far back his noble lineage extends! He is the heir of Abel the Just, and sharer of the sweet savor that first rose to heaven

on the plain eastward from Eden. He is partaker of the sacrifice of the King of Salem, Melchisedech, who offered for Abraham the prophetic elements of bread and wine. He too stands with the Friend of God on Mount Moriah, when, hoping against hope, the Patriarch raised his knife to slay his only begotten son. He is of the tribe of Levi; he is of the line of Aaron, and his fellowship is with the priestly courses as they go in turn to offer the daily sacrifices in the house of the Lord. Nay, more is he the son of prophecy, the burden of the swan song of Malachias, for in him is fulfilled the prediction:

“From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered in My name a clean oblation, for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts.”

The clean oblation that the prophet declared should be offered among the Gentiles is the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass. In the sixteenth century those who went out from the Catholic Church rejected the Mass

and the idea of sacrifice. They said that men no longer required that ancient rite, and that it was sufficient for them to meet for public prayer. They rejected the name of priest and called their clergymen ministers, and boasted that they had destroyed superstition and restored the purity of God's word. But it is hard to fight against human nature and prophecy. The prophet had declared that there was to be a perpetual sacrifice among the nations, and men who had craved sacrifice from the beginning crave it still. When the question is raised, Why are the churches empty? the all-sufficient answer is that there are churches whose thresholds are worn by multitudes from dawn till noon, and that not only on Sunday, but every day of the week. If a church is merely a place to pray in, then men can pray as well at home, or under the dome of heaven in sight of the eternal hills that with white fingers point the way to God. If a church is merely a place for hearing the Gospel, then men can read the Gospel as well in some quiet nook and hear its exposition in the silent voices of the saints that speak from many a venerable tome. But if the church is

a temple, built around an altar on which is offered a true sacrifice, by a true priest, then men must come to church to assist at that sacrifice, and to satisfy that craving which God implanted in the human heart, and which God alone has known how to satisfy. That is the explanation why the Catholic churches are every Sunday crowded to the doors, and that is the explanation why on a working day like this you leave your business to gather around the altar, to bow down in adoration before the body of Christ, and to pour out your souls in thanksgiving that it has pleased Him to give to you and to your children the ministrations of a faithful priest.

Such is the Catholic idea of the priest, and such is the origin of the Catholic reverence for his character. Wherefore the Apostle says: "No man taketh the honor unto himself unless he is called of God even as Aaron was." Indeed, the wonder is not that men should wait for the divine vocation, but that the dignity should be given to men at all. For that reason the training for the priesthood is a long and searching ordeal. It is not merely that the priest

must have the professional knowledge and skill which are necessary in every calling, but he must have, moreover, the mind that was in Jesus Christ, those lofty ideals, those disinterested ambitions, that burning zeal, that splendid self-sacrifice that in the beginning won the world to Christ. Wherefore at an early age he is taken from home and family and trained even as Samuel was by the Ark of the Lord. Before the malice of the world can corrupt his heart he is introduced into the fellowship of the saints and fed with the bread of angels. In the sheltered paradise of the seminary he advances like his Master in wisdom and age and grace before God and man. How on this day the mind flies back to twenty-five years ago. How far a cry from these foothills of the Rockies to the pleasant plains of Kildare. O hallowed cloisters of Maynooth! O leafy walks! O children of the tabernacle that clear eyed watched the lamp of God! There at the feet of wise and holy men we learned lessons, and were filled with noble thoughts to which, were we but true, how happy were our lot. Then we knew nothing of the cares of the world and the deceit of men.

“Eheu fugaces labuntur anni”—“Alas, how the fugitive years slip by.” Far flung across the world are the companions of our youth. Some sleep in holy Ireland, and their resurrection shall be with the saints of their own people. Others lie beneath the pall of northern snows, and others rest to the dirge of the long wash of Australasian seas. The most that remain uphold the cause of faith and fatherland at home; but on every strand our feet have been set, in every land we have made our home, “*Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*”

And you, Father O’Ryan, have not been false to the teachings of your Alma Mater or faithless to the high traditions of Maynooth. This day is a testimony. The presence of your Bishop, the crowded ranks of your brother priests, your parishioners, the Catholics of this city and state—aye, the good report of them that are without—all are your witness. You have always been the priest—not, indeed, that you or any one else could bear the burden without at times failing; but Christ chose men, not angels, to be His ministers, and we are made frail

that we may have compassion on them that suffer and do err.

You have always been the true churchman—faithful and loyal to the spouse of Christ. Twenty-five years ago you promised reverence and obedience to the chief pastor of your diocese, and like the knights of old you became your Bishop's man. It is strange how those who are not Catholics misunderstand the nature of the priest's relations to those who are set over him by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God. They forever sneer at blind obedience and slavish subservience. It is significant that the ancient canons forbade a slave to be made a priest. The Church does not want her priests to have servile minds, for we are not children of the bond woman, but of the free. It would be wonderful, indeed, if she who is the mother of law in modern civilization were not ruled by law in her own affairs. And so it is. Her authorities are not irresponsible despots; her sons are not chattel slaves. The Pope himself, source of power and jurisdiction, scrupulously follows the canons; and not the least glory of our Holy Father, happily reigning, is his

simplification and codification of Church law. The bishops in their dioceses have their own legislation, some common to all dioceses, some suitable to particular localities. The priests know by what rules they are governed and with what franchises Holy Church has endowed them. Therefore, when they use their rights they are to be commended, as they are still more to be commended when authority has spoken they yield a full, ungrudging and loyal assent.

You have been the good pastor; you know your sheep, and they know you. You have not been as the hireling, for you came here in poverty. In self-sacrifice you have built up the temporalities of St. Leo's until now it is almost clear of debt. You have trained your children to know and love our Lord—to come close to Him. You have been an inspiration to the young men and women that have come under your influence. You have been a safe counselor to the old, and a messenger of mercy at the bed of death.

You have been a good citizen, playing a man's part in the public affairs of your city, as every priest gifted as you are is bound to do. From the very beginning the Church

has taken her share in civic upbuilding. Who to-day shall chain her ministers to the sacristies? Especially has the case of the poor and of children appealed to you. Many and many are the temptations that the natural concupiscence of man casts in his way; but when those concupiscences are exploited for money, when shameless panders make still more slippery the slippery paths of youth, when the toll takers of crime stand at the gates of hell that roar at the corners of every street, then it is time for the citizen, then it is time for the priest to rise up and sweep them out of existence—knowing well that the unreinforced tendency of fallen human nature will create vice and crime enough without calling on the aid of Mammon, the meanest spirit of all that fell.

And now, dear Father O’Ryan, it is time to end. I am sure I take no unwarranted liberty when I congratulate you in the name of your Bishop and of your fellow priests, of your faithful flock, and of all the citizens of this Queen City of the Plains. The twenty-five years are past, and, like St. Paul, you forget the things that are behind, and

you stretch forward to what is to come. May God strengthen you to every good work. And you, his people, let your prayers compass him round about as a sure defense. Pray that God's wings may overshadow him, and that the everlasting arms may bear him up. Pray that as the silver years ripen into gold, greater may be his opportunities for good, and nobler his achievements. May we and he see his golden jubilee, and when at last the trump of death sounds, for that, too, is the trumpet of jubilee, may we be all gathered with our Great High Priest on the hills of eternity—priests and people to enjoy that jubilee that shall never end.

LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD

*First Mass of the Rev. Robert O'Connor, St. Peter's
Church, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday, June 30, 1912.*

LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD

To-day is a high festival not only for the young priest who sings his first Mass on this the solemnity of Saints Peter and Paul, but also for the people of St. Peter's parish. For him it is a day that he has long desired; for you the thought uppermost in your minds is that it is one of your own that stands before you clad in the vestments of his Order. Born within the shadow of these walls, baptized at yonder font, raised in these schools, serving as a boy in this sanctuary, now, after years of preparation, he has been judged worthy to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. He is indeed a child of this church, and he has a special claim on your prayers as he enters to-day into the Holy Place to execute the priest's office before the Lord. In return you and yours have a special claim on his suffrages as to-day and every day he immolates the spotless Victim whose blood speaketh the better things both for the living and the dead.

Such an occasion as this and such thoughts as these bring before us with new

force two great characteristics of the Catholic priesthood. The first is, that the priest is one of yourselves: bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. The second is, that he is taken from among you and set apart, that he may, as the Apostle says, "Stand for men in the things that pertain unto God."

According to the provisions of the Old Law, the priesthood was the property of a caste. The office descended from father to son within the limits of a certain family in a certain tribe. In the New Law the whole Christian community is declared to be "a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people." Therefore now no race of men, no nation, no kindred, no condition of life, is debarred from the sanctuary. The sons of every family are eligible to serve at the altar. The one thing necessary is that the Lord have need of them. "No man," says St. Paul, "taketh the honor unto himself unless he is called of God, even as Aaron was." A divine vocation to the priesthood is required, and that vocation the still, small voice of the Spirit of God is ever whispering to the chosen ones among your children. Oh, happy are you, if your

prayers, your counsel and your example teach them to answer, like the child of Anna in the silence of the tabernacle: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

But once the priest is called of God, he must be ready, like Abraham, to go forth from his father's house, and, if needs be, from his native land. For him there is no sweet dream of home; for him no hope of the love of wife or child. Henceforth his home is the house of God; henceforth his spouse is Holy Church, his children the flock of Christ. He is adopted into the Order of Melchisedech, of whom it is written that he was "without father, without mother, without genealogy or length of days, but made like unto the Son of God."

It is this assimilation to the Son of God that cuts off the Catholic priest from his own people. He is no longer a mere man "whose father we know, whose mother we know, whose brothers and sisters are amongst us." He is God's messenger. He is no longer the playmate of our boyhood, the companion of our youth. He is the ambassador of the Great King. He is not even the brilliant scholar, the wise administrator,

the kindly friend or the sage counsellor. Henceforth and forever he is the fellow-laborer of Jesus Christ. When you bring your children to him that he may pour upon them the waters of regeneration, it is Christ Himself that baptizes. When he lifts his hand in absolution in the tribunal of penance, the sentence is ratified in the high court of heaven by the Judge of all. When he offers the sacrifice of the Mass, the Victim is caught up by the Holy Angels of God and borne to the altar on high, in the sight of the Divine Majesty, and is made His own by the Eternal Priest Himself who stands ever living to make intercession for men.

To co-operate with Jesus Christ, nay, to bear the very Person of Jesus Christ in the salvation of the world, this is the proper work of the Catholic priest. And behold, what high mysteries we touch here! Of all the dark ways of God none is so unsearchable as His love for the world, His hunger for men's souls. The other secrets of His nature, wonderful though they be, and incomprehensible, do not stagger the mind like this. They are, so to speak, becoming

to the Godhead, and to be expected in Him whose being is infinite, whose properties are hid in light inaccessible. It is indeed natural for us and easy to bow down and adore the mysterious adumbrations of the glory which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of men to conceive." But that God should love this world, that God should desire to win those souls of ours—that world whose emptiness we know so well, those souls whose worthlessness we so sadly realize—this almost passes our will to believe. "What is man, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that Thou dost visit him?"

If God's love had been lavished on a world fresh from His creative hand, when He considered it and pronounced it good, such would have been the expected pleasure of the Maker in His handiwork. If He had taken complaisance in the perfect image and unsullied likeness of Himself as He beheld it in the innocent souls of our first parents, it would have been only the father's common affection for his children. But God's love is not for the inviolate bowers of Eden or for the morning splendor of Adam's soul.

This world has been blasted by sin, and in its high places the rebel angels rule. Humanity has been dragged down below the level of the brute. Men's sins cry to heaven for vengeance. Throughout all the earth "blood toucheth blood." Yet it is upon this ruin that God looks; it is this desolation that He loves. He withholds the thunderbolts of His wrath from those cowering yet presumptuous renegades and stoops to tempt them with the superabounding treasures of His mercy—nay, more; by a stupendous act He exhausts, as it were, the resources of Divine generosity, for the Scripture says:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have life everlasting."

Let us meditate on this wondrous saying, and let its meaning sink deep into our minds. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for its redemption. Surely, this is a second mystery which almost overtaxes our powers of belief. Long ago, when the Prophet Isaias was vouchsafed a vision of the Divine plan, he cried out in amazement: "Who hath be-

lieved our report and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Had He, then, no other messengers? Were there not millions upon millions of celestial spirits, cherubim and seraphim, principalities and powers, to whom He might entrust that high emprise? When the rebel angels contested His sovereignty in the very halls of heaven He chose the Archangel Michael to rally the hosts of the faithful, with his war-cry, "Who is like unto God?" and to war with Satan and to cast him and his angels forth. Why shall not Michael now press the pursuit and dislodge the evil one from the strongholds he has built him in the midst of men? Could not Gabriel, who is named the Strength of God, have wrestled with the deceiver and bound him with the adamantine chains in the bottomless pit? Might not Raphael, who is the Healing of God, have descended with heavenly balm to cure the wounds of the world and to lead men safe to their Father's home? But no! Heaven might be purged by the ministry of angels, but earth was to

be redeemed by the only begotten Son of God.

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but should have life everlasting.

“O, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments; how unsearchable His ways!”

“And the word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.” In this mystery of the Incarnation deep again calleth unto deep. God not only gave His only begotten Son to save the world, but He gave Him as man. To use the expressive words of the Apostle, the Son of God “emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man and in habit found as a man.” In the Gospel parable the King says of the wicked husbandmen: “They will reverence my son,” as he sends him to receive the fruits of the vineyard. One would imagine that when the Son of God appeared upon earth the whole world would rise up to welcome Him. Yet, what is set down in Holy Writ?

“He was in the world, and the world was

made by Him, and the world knew Him not; He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

Surely, during the long centuries of waiting this world had had enough of war, enough of woe, to dispose it to receive the Prince of Peace, the Joy of Angels. Surely, man had had time to weary of his many inventions and would be ready to follow Him who is the light of the world and the way of life. Prophets and kings had long looked for His day; surely their desire has infected the nations, and as the Star of Jacob shines in the East they will all rise up and hasten to adore. Alas, how sad is the reality! A few poor shepherds make their way to the crib of Bethlehem; a few nameless strangers from beyond the desert straggle through the streets of Jerusalem, asking: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

When His hour had arrived, and the precursor had proclaimed Him as the Hope of Israel, as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," how cold was His reception! The multitudes followed Him, it is true, but how just was the reproach: "Ye seek Me because ye ate of

the loaves and were filled." Thousands crowded round Him and marveled at His power to heal the sick, to cleanse the lepers, to give sight to the blind, to make the lame walk, to raise the dead; yet in every audience that pressed upon Him, how frequent were the sour scoffers: "This man blasphemeth." At every exhibition of His divine power the envious Pharisees were ready with their explanation, "He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils." Behind every question addressed to Him, no matter how innocent it seemed, lay the secret snare "how they might entrap Him in His speech." In every council of His own nation He was looked upon as a menace to its safety. "This man seduceth the people." Aye, in the very sanctuary of His own household the black heart of the traitor was seeking occasion to betray Him.

We to whom the cross is a badge of honor cannot realize how this chill shadow always lay across the life of Christ. Through His passion He has entered into His glory, and we, dazzled with that glory, forget His sufferings as a tale that is told. But during all His earthly career His Cross and Pas-

sion weighed on His spirit, and again and again he prophesies to His Apostles how the Son of Man would be betrayed into the hands of sinners and how they would mock Him and scourge Him and spit upon Him and put Him to a shameful death. How much those indignities, those sufferings, meant to our Lord is forcibly brought home to us as we see Him prostrate in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was no idle protestation that fell from His lips as He prayed to be spared. It was the loathing and horror of what was to come that wrung from Him the piteous supplication: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away." He was the Son of God, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the champion of the race whose nature He had assumed, yet on the threshold of His Passion He trembled and drew back. But only for a moment. "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass away. Yet, if I must drink it, let Thy will, not mine, be done." And drink it He did, down to the bitter dregs. "Having loved His own, He loved them even to the end;" "and He entered into His

agony, and His sweat became as blood and ran down in great drops to the ground."

Well had He said: "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down His life for His friend." Not the indifference of mankind, not the malice of enemies, not the treason of friends, not the thorns, not the nails, nor the dark hour of dereliction—not any of these things could turn Him from the supreme test of His love. The eternal love of the Father is now made manifest in the sacrifice of the Son, and the prophecy is fulfilled. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." Henceforth, Christ reigns from the Cross supreme over the hearts of men, and St. Paul in deathless words voices the homage of humanity:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or persecution, or the sword? Even as it is written: 'For Thy sake we are put to death all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.' Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor

powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

After our Great High Priest had offered Himself on the altar of the Cross, in atonement for the sins of mankind, it was necessary that "as a forerunner He should enter within the veil of the everlasting sanctuary to appear before the eyes of God for us." Yet His work in the world was, as it were, only begun. Who shall stand in His place, as generation after generation breaks like the waves of the sea at the foot of Calvary? Whom shall He trust with the ministry of salvation? He had chosen men, but they failed Him. Judas sold Him; Peter denied Him; they all fled away and left Him. It is true He has His faithful angels. When His disciples could not watch one hour with Him in the garden "an angel from heaven came and strengthened Him." Shall He now commit the new dispensation to the angels' care? Surely it demands angelic purity to wash away sin. Surely angelic holiness is hardly sufficient to

handle the bread of life. Surely only the tongues of angels are fitted, as on the first Christmas morning, to proclaim "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Yet, in spite of all the weakness, all the cowardice, all the baseness, displayed by His Apostles, Christ did not repent Him of His first choice. He had taken human nature "that He might restore in a more marvelous manner that which He had so marvelously created." As it were, in return for this gift of humanity He granted unto men that they should be "participators in His divinity." He would manifest His power by making the foolish things of this world confound the wise, and the weak things of this world bring to naught the strong. On those trembling disciples He invoked the very authority wherewith He had been invested when He was sent to save the world. "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Into those fluttering hearts He poured the fullness of the Holy Ghost, and straightway they became His witnesses in every land and persevered even to the shedding of their blood in preaching the Gospel to every creature. Nay, more;

lest any aid should be wanting to them or to their successors He sealed their commission with the promise of His never-failing presence: "Behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

Such, then, is the method chosen by our Lord to continue the work of the Incarnation; such the responsibility He has laid on the shoulders of His priests. As His meat was to do the will of Him that sent Him and to accomplish His work, so His priests have no other object in life except to attend to the great business of the salvation of mankind. For that immense undertaking how few and feeble they are. We read in the Gospel of St. John that as our Lord once passed through Samaria in the spring time He sat down, wearied, by the well of Jacob. Looking over the countryside, he saw that where the sower had passed the tender shoots of the corn were already veiling the clods with green. Then He turned to His disciples and asked them:

"Do ye not say, There are yet four months and then the harvest cometh? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on

the countries and see that they are already white for the harvest."

The world is Christ's harvest, and He has sent his priests to gather it into His barns. Year after year, generation after generation, all over the earth the fields turn white and call for the reapers. But oh! lonely harvest fields of the world! Well did your Master prophecy of you: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send His laborers into His harvest."

Make that prayer your own on this auspicious occasion, and then ask yourselves what have you done toward its accomplishment? Never in the history of the world was the harvest so great as it is to-day; never was access so easy; never were laborers so much in demand. In foreign lands; at our own doors, rises the call for priests. What have you done to answer it? O, fathers and mothers, cherish the call if it comes to your children, and protect it from the choking cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches. You must be worthy of the grace as well as your son, and your conduct and your conversation should be such as to co-

operate with the spirit of God. And you, young men, if you feel in your hearts the desire to repay the great love wherewith Christ has loved you, by offering yourselves to Him to labor with Him side by side in His harvest, stifle it not, but rather thank Him that He has singled you out for the honor, and pray night and day that He may enable you to spend yourselves and to be spent in His cause. And to-day, as we congratulate Father O'Connor and his family—and I am commissioned also by Father Casey to express his good wishes and his regrets that he cannot be with you—let us beseech Almighty God to keep in him always the heart of youth, that in all the trials of the world he may preserve ever fresh the generous spirit that led him to offer himself a willing sacrifice at God's altar, and that whatever work he is given to do in God's harvest field he may do it with all his strength.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

*The Funeral of the Very Rev. Alexander P.
Doyle, C. S. P., St. Mary's Church, San
Francisco, Cal., Monday, August 12, 1913.*

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

When a man is suddenly taken away from a work which his hands have fashioned at a time when the maturity of his powers assures its permanency and promises the wider extension of its usefulness, how deeply we feel the transitory nature of human endeavor and the vanity of human wishes.

"Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Neither is there wanting to-day the note of pathos that he who in his young manhood went forth from his father's house and his native city at the call of God should be brought back by what men call an accident, but believers know to be the guiding hand of that same God—should be brought back to die among his own,

"And, as a hare whom horns and hounds
pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he
flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

Still, these natural feelings disappear before the consideration that the priesthood is rooted not in the natural order but in the supernatural order. The day he knelt before the bishop to receive the yoke of Christ he was admonished in the words of the Church that as henceforward his chief ministry was to show forth the death of the Lord at the holy altar, so he must die daily to the world and live only unto God. As in the solemn office sung over him choir answers unto choir and antiphon unto antiphon, so the priest's funeral answers to the priest's ordination. The Spartan mother sent her son to the wars and bade him return with his shield or upon it; so Holy Mother Church sends her priests out as men destined unto death, and our one hope is that when the end comes we may be able to cry with the Apostle:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and now there is laid up for me the crown which the Just Judge will render me in that day."

I.

It is thirty-five years since Alexander Doyle, just graduated from college, heard the call of God. His vocation came to him through the first band of Paulist missionaries that visited these shores. The memory of that mission band calls us back to the middle of the last century and the religious conditions of the East. You know that it is the nature of Protestantism to disintegrate. It may be held together for a time by a state establishment or persecuting laws, but once left to itself it tends to go to pieces. Such was the case with the churches in the Eastern cities over half a century ago, and such is the case all over the world to-day.

When civil liberty in this country was achieved by the colonists religious liberty could not long lag behind. The United States are forbidden to establish a religion, and the various states soon fell in line. With the coming of freedom came religious unrest, and the old so-called orthodoxy was breaking up before the new rationalism. Across the ocean came the breath of what

Newman called the Second Spring, and it had power to stir even the cold Calvinistic blood of New England. Through the open gates of this hospitable land were pouring hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Catholic countries, driven by famine, by landlordism crueller than famine, by political uprisings, by high taxes, by military conscription, and they were building up the great cities and spreading out over the prairies, mining the mountains and subduing the wilderness, and everywhere bringing with them their priests and their sisters, and lifting up in city and town and village over their churches that sign which Puritanism hated with so savage a hatred—the Sign of the Cross.

Thus it came to pass that when a number of young Americans born and bred in Protestantism began to realize that their hearts were hungering for some creed more adapted to the conditions of the age and more satisfying to the needs of human nature, the Catholic Church was not absent from their ken. They searched first among the sects for the pearl of great price, and discovered it not. Some of them sought the

hidden treasure in socialistic or communistic experiments, but it eluded their grasp. Finally, by one door or another they entered the Catholic Church, and in the bosom of the great Mother found that peace which the world cannot give.

Such were the early Paulists. Most of them had been clergymen, and they took upon themselves the obligations of the Catholic priesthood. When they came to labor among the people their hearts naturally were drawn to their own. Pharisees of the Pharisees, Hebrews of the Hebrews, they yearned over the scattered children of Abraham, and, like St. Paul, they would even be an anathema for their brethren. Accordingly, after some time, they formed the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle, with the sanction of the Holy See, and, making their headquarters in New York, undertook the great work first of sanctifying their own souls and then of saving the souls of others—especially the souls of those who, through no fault of theirs, were deprived of the strength and the comfort of the Catholic faith.

What a wonderful dream those early

Paulists dreamed! They looked out on their dear native land, and saw it rapidly coming to the forefront of the nations. Fresh from the triumphs of the Mexican war, the flag now floated from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The air was tense with excitement, for the North was gathering its energies for the inevitable struggle with the South. A people jealous of freedom were to be won to a Church which their ancestors had rejected and they had been taught to regard as the essence of despotism. A people energetic as no other people in the affairs of this life were to be persuaded that the gain of the whole world was not compensation for the loss of a single soul.

It was indeed a dream of great souls, and that its accomplishment has been delayed is no proof that it was not from God. Moses, the leader of the children of Israel, saw from the top of Nebo the Promised Land, and, though it was not given him to enter, the promise of God was not made void. Year after year and century after century passed before the Ark of the Lord was carried into the city of David, but the oath which the Lord had sworn still remained.

So it was with the "vision splendid" those early Paulists saw. Its accomplishment was not vouchsafed to their eyes, and even to us it is still far, far away. Nations, like men, may be taken up into the mount of temptation and shown the glory of the world, and nations, like men, may bow down and adore the tempter. The sower who goes forth to sow his seed needs not only the good seed, but also the good ground. Behold how this land is cumbered with the thorns which are the riches and the cares and the pleasures of this life, and wonder not that the vision is delayed. But come it must. God is preparing the soil of America for His harvest, and whether He softens it by the gentle rain of His grace that falls in secret or plows and harrows it in His wrath in the strife and blood of the social revolution—this people is His people and the faith of the early Paulists shall in His good time be justified.

II.

It was under the inspiration of those pioneers that young Alexander Doyle found his calling. He went East with them, and

there prepared for the priesthood. After his ordination he spent the first fifteen years of his clerical life in the work of the missions.

You know there are two sides to the Catholic Church. There is the conservative side; there is the propagandist side. She is a great society, and her first duty is toward her own members and the well being of the existing organization. Then, as a great missionary body, she is solicitous for those that are without and must search highways and byways that God's banquet may be filled. When Christ first sent out His Apostles He said:

"Into the ways of the Gentiles go ye not and into the cities of the Samaritans enter ye not, but seek ye first the sheep that perish of the house of Israel."

You know of your own experience how in this age and in this country, where the cares of life are so pressing, where the temptations to sin are so abounding, how many are the sheep that perish of the house of Israel. From the narrow road they wander to the right hand and to the left, and, seeking the forbidden pastures, they are scattered on

every hill. Hence it is that our Holy Mother the Church, in her solicitude for these, her children, sends bands of devoted men from diocese to diocese, from parish to parish, preaching penance and calling them back to the straight path. They threaten the impenitent with the vengeance of God. They lure the timid with the mercy of Christ. Sitting long hours in the confessional, they loose the burden of the sinner and hearten the weak with the counsels that religion and experience have placed in their hands. You know what a blessing such missions are to a community—how many hard hearts softened, how many sad hearts comforted. It was in such work Father Doyle spent the first fifteen years of his priesthood, and how acceptable to the clergy and how fruitful to the people his ministry was is proved by the love and esteem that followed him into other fields, and we cannot doubt that as he went forth to meet his Judge, he saw many a face around the dread tribunal that bare witness for him and for the zeal with which he had preached deliverance to the captives and the acceptable day of the Lord.

III.

From his work in the missions Father Doyle was taken to administer the Catholic World and the publishing house conducted by the Paulists. From the very beginning they had recognized the possibilities of the printing press, and by means of periodical literature, books and leaflets had forwarded their apostolate to non-Catholics. For seven years Father Doyle gave himself, with characteristic energy, to this department of the society's activities, and his name will rank among the most successful of the eminent men whose industry and talent have made the Catholic World, as it is the oldest, the soundest of our American Catholic monthlies. But, after all, it is the living word that counts. Christ did not send His Apostles to write books or even to build churches. He sent them to preach: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The dearest wish of the Paulist heart is that the word of the Lord should be unbound and that it should be carried especially to those who are not of the Catholic fold.

Now, it had been found by experience that almost at every one of the domestic missions Protestants, attracted for one reason or another to the preaching, had been received into the Church. It occurred accordingly to Father Elliott and to Father Doyle that a special appeal to the non-Catholic population might have favorable results. The idea was thoroughly canvassed, approved and advocated, and thus the so-called missions to non-Catholics came into operation.

The essential idea of those missions is not controversy or aggression, but a simple and friendly explanation of Catholic truth. They are usually given after the regular mission, and have proved beneficial, not alone for those outside the fold, but most useful for Catholics themselves, who have found in them answers to difficulties not only proposed by their Protestant friends, but arising from their own circumstances, especially from a system of education and reading in which religion forms too small a part.

But, as it was in the days of our Lord, the harvest was great and the laborers few. The

Paulists were never a large body, and all around them lay the whitening fields crying for the laborers. The diocesan activity of Catholicism in this country had up to this been absorbed in building churches, founding schools, establishing charities, financing a vast and expensive organization. In many places, however, the pioneer work had been done, and well done, and it was felt that the time had come when the diocesan clergy should engage in the propagandist field of church endeavor. To encourage this feeling, to organize it and to provide the machinery to make it permanent, was the life work of Father Doyle.

It was fitting that the Catholic Church, which is the preserver of learning and the mother of universities, should have in this country a central school of religious and secular science. At the inspiration of the Holy Father the American Hierarchy founded at Washington a great seminary, which the generosity of its benefactors is developing into a great university. It was to be the center of intellectual Catholicism in the very capital of the nation. The Paulists were the first of the religious com-

munities to erect their house of studies under its shadow, and here it was that Father Doyle founded the mission house to train the diocesan clergy for the non-Catholic missions.

I need not tell you how hard Father Doyle labored for that institution. He never spared himself in any work that his hand found to do, but here he literally wore himself out, and his life was the sacrifice that bought its success. It is already self-supporting, and will remain a monument more lasting than brass to his energy and zeal.

Now his busy hands are at rest forever, and his tireless feet can no longer hasten in the ways of the Lord. He has nothing to ask from us but the charity of our prayers, our almsdeeds and our sacrifices. This generation that knew him will pass away, but the work he has founded will not pass away. America needs the Catholic Church. He drank in full measure the spirit of the pioneers of his order, and he knew that a great nation demands a great religion. Not by bread alone doth man live, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of

God, and there is no organization that can come before the American people and speak the word of God with that authority that compels respect except the Catholic Church, of which Alexander Doyle was a good and faithful priest. May he rest in peace. Among the natives of this city and state are many whose names will live in history, and not the least of them will be that of him who lies before us to-day, for whom we pray that the angels of God may lead him into Paradise and that the promise of the Master may be fulfilled, "Where I am there also shall My servant be."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

*The Funeral of the Rev. J. B. McNally, St. Patrick's
Church, Oakland, Cal., Monday, March 3, 1913.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Even to us who have been born in the household of the Faith the liturgy of Holy Church seems at times to strike a discordant note. Yesterday in the mid-gloom of Lent the Mass began with a song of rejoicing, and on the very eve of the tragedy of Good Friday the "Gloria" is chanted and the bells are rung. So, on this occasion, when we, his fellow priests, gather to mourn a gallant comrade who has answered the last roll call, and when you, his parishioners and fellow citizens, come to deplore a loss to Church and city that it will be hard to fill, amidst all the lamentation there is a steadfast note of hope, and at the very moment of the apparent victory of the grave, when ashes are committed to ashes and earth to earth, the Church intones the triumphant canticle of Zachary and blesses the Lord God of Israel because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people.

If these sentiments are justified in the case of the faithful—for it is the same Mass

that is sung for layman as well as clerk—they are doubly justified in the case of a priest. The priest is the servant of the Great King sent into this world on the King's business. The Master of the house has set His supper, and behold, they that were invited have refused to come. Then the Master has sent out his servants into the streets and into the lanes of the city to bring in the poor and the feeble and the blind and the lame. Aye, he has sent them into the highways and the hedges to compel them to come in that His house may be filled. This is the priest's work in the world—to carry the invitation to mankind. An ungrateful work it is, for many are they who have ears to hear and will not hear. Many are they who turn on the messengers and evil entreat them. Moreover, the streets are cold and the lanes are noisome, the highways are rough and the hedges thorny, and it is no pleasant task to compel the unwilling to come in.

So, therefore, when the servant's task is done, and he has received his Master's summons to return to the supper room, the message falls on no ungrateful ears. Who

would regret the mire of the market place and the dust of the dreary road when called to the table of the King and the companionship of the saints? Why should we be sorrowful, on his behalf, who remain to fulfill our unfinished tasks, or mourn as those who have no hope? He has not gone into a strange country, but into his Father's house; and

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Of course, such an attitude towards death is the very flower of faith—of that faith which is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. No other attitude would be becoming to the priest whose remains lie before us. Father McNally was, above and beyond all things, a man of the liveliest faith. He inherited in full measure and overflowing the strong faith of his Irish forefathers, who wrought justice thereby and obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the

armies of the aliens, endured also mockeries and stripes, yea, and bonds and imprisonment—they of whom the world was not worthy.

Keen and shrewd as Father McNally was in temporal affairs, his ears were never deaf to the music of the choir invisible, his eyes were never holden to the cloud of witnesses that hovers above our head. His was no dead faith that believes and trembles; his was the living faith of the child that holds his father's hand. Like the Apostle, he knew Him in whom he trusted, and he was certain that his Lord would repay his confidence on the accounting day.

It was in this faith that nigh half a century ago he volunteered to leave his country and his father's house for the missions of California. In his school days this state was still reckoned as the end of the world. It was a land of rough mountains and of rougher men. Its great resources, which were to throw into the shade the richness of its mines, were as yet discerned only as in a glass darkly. It was not till the eve of his ordination that the railroad linked us to the East. The archdiocese of San Fran-

cisco stretched from the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific, and while in that vast territory the harvest was plentiful the laborers were few. Forty-three years ago he was joined to that pioneer band, and as we look back now and estimate their deeds we can say with truth that there were few who deserved better of the Christian commonwealth than he whose tireless hands are folded to-day in their eternal rest.

It was in that faith that, over thirty years ago, at the command of his superiors, he began the work of building up St. Patrick's parish. At that time there was little thought that Oakland would develop into the city she has since become, and there was less hope that she would be a stronghold of the Church of God. The Catholic element was weak, and the bigotry that in some measure still survives was then rampant. But Father McNally cared little for such things. Here his life work was appointed, here he gathered his faithful people about him, here he built his church, here he established his schools, and here for over three decades he declared to you the whole counsel of God.

Such a length of pastorate is not the least

of the benefits which the Church confers on this or any other community. In our system of government the hero of yesterday is forgotten to-day. How many of you could tell without laborious research the name of the Mayor of Oakland, the year Father McNally founded this parish—how many could name off-hand the then Governor of California or the President of the United States? In a system of such rapid changes, everything that makes for stability is an advantage. The pastors of the Catholic Church are not here to-day and gone to-morrow. While she has use in her system for the itinerant ministry, the ideal of her pastoral care is the shepherd whose own the sheep are and whose place is with his people till death doth them part. The parish is the life work of the parish priest; and, considering it only from the temporal side, it would be hard to place too high a value on the conservative and steadying influence exercised by a man of light and leading who has for a third of a century been to his neighborhood a preacher of the higher life and a witness of the better things.

It was in that same faith that Father

McNally went out to meet his Judge. Like all of us, he was slow to believe that his illness was fatal. When, however, strength refused to return, in spite of all the reassuring words of his friends, he realized the inevitable. He who had stood at so many deathbeds could not be easily deceived. The thought came to him with no shock that we who watched could discern. He met it with a simple dignity that showed it was no stranger to him. His farewell to his friends was unaffected and sincere, "Goodby till we meet in heaven." He looked at his passing from this life to the next as if he went from one room to another in a familiar house. As he fared forth to eternity his feet were set in no uncertain paths. He walked not in darkness, for his faith, which shone during life like a light in a dark place, ceased only before the dawn of the everlasting day and the morning star that arose in his heart.

Such a faith naturally begets zeal. Of him the inspired words were true, "The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up." The captious might complain that his zeal was not always to be easily squared with discretion, but he was not afraid to be unwise when

necessary with the unwisdom whereby God has chosen to bring to naught the best schemes of the prudent. Added to the perfervid genius of the Celt was his own ardent disposition; and at times the combination tried those of a cooler and more calculating temperament who forget that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and that the violent alone do bear it away.

In the early days of his ministry the late Archbishop Alemany assigned to him the task of collecting funds for the new Cathedral of San Francisco. Begging at all times and under all circumstances is a disagreeable work. Even when the priest asks for a church or school that is growing up under the people's eyes it is a weary task to stir up their generosity. How much harder, then, it was to interest the inhabitants of the mountain towns of California in a cathedral which none of them ever expected to see! Yet, with characteristic energy, Father McNally began the campaign which later, under the leadership of Archbishop Rioridan, was crowned with the splendid success of which you are witnessess.

But it was in his own parish that his zeal

burned brightest. "Aemulor vos Dei aemulatione," he could say, with St. Paul, to his people—"I am jealous of you with the jealousy of God." You may have thought at times that he asked too much of you, but it was as the eagle enticing her young to fly, hovering over them and spreading her wings and carrying them on her shoulders. Tireless himself, he was liable to grow impatient with those who were not equally indefatigable. Big-hearted and generous, he could not understand how men could bargain and haggle when it came to the service of the Lord and the needs of the sanctuary.

But it was in his care for the children that his zeal showed best. He realized that it is but of slight use to build great churches unless we take care that the rising generation be trained to frequent them. The future belongs to the children, and the great battle between Christ and anti-Christ rages over their education. The American state has been forced into a neutral position, and as no neutral position can be held for any time the American state is now being pushed over the line into direct hostility to our Christian inheritance. Day by day school

and college and university are becoming more frankly pagan, and if we would seek for the true reason of the astonishing growth of materialistic socialism we can find it in the instruction for which the state pays, and dearly pays.

Experience has demonstrated that the only efficacious means of inculcating religious principles in our circumstances is through the day school. The home has abdicated its teaching functions to such an extent that home lessons are forbidden by law. The Sunday-school, even at its best, is a poor, pale simulacrum of education. It is only in the day-school, where the things of the soul get at least an equal opportunity with the things of the mind, that we can hope to raise our children in the love and fear of God.

It is to the eternal credit of the first pastors of Oakland that, though their parishes were small and weak compared to other parishes in the diocese, they all established parish schools. No doubt the narrowness and intolerance that sporadically occurs even now in our Oakland schools, and was then the rule rather than the exception,

made those schools an absolute necessity for the preservation of religion. Father McNally always referred to his schools as the schools of the faith; and there is no doubt but generation after generation of boys and girls owe it to them that now in their manhood and womanhood they enjoy the priceless benefit of the Catholic belief and communion in the Church of Christ.

Time will not permit me to speak of his countless other activities. Of his interest in the children after their school days were over, of the religious vocations he fostered, of the energy with which he promoted the temporal interests of his people, of his achievements as a pulpit orator and a public speaker, of his civic influence, for he was emphatically not a priest who locked himself in the sacristy. "*Nil humanum a me alienum puto*," was his motto, and there was nothing that made for the benefit of his city or state in which he was not vitally interested. Raised in Ireland in the Fenian days the old Fenian spirit was in the marrow of his bones, and, though his loyalty to the American flag was deep and broad as becomes a man's service, his love for the old

land was the tender affection of a child for his mother. Indeed, to use the words of one who knew him well, there are few men of whom it would be possible to say as many good things as of John B. McNally.

It is true he had his faults, but they were all on the surface, and they were so near akin to virtues that we have no fear of him as he goes forth to meet the Judge who takes account of even the idle word. In his long service it is but human that there should be in his building wood and straw and stubble as well as gold and silver and precious stones. According to the Scripture, this shall be purified so as by fire. He himself recognized his failings, and his last message to his parishioners was:

“For thirty years I have labored amongst you and have done the best I knew how. I beg pardon of those whom I may have in any way offended, and I beg of you all to pray for my soul.”

O blessed Communion of Saints that binds us by golden chains to the throne of God! O comforting teaching of the Church that we may follow those who have gone

before us with our prayers and aid them by our sacrifices! Remember him to-day, and every day, and teach your children to offer their innocent supplications for his soul. The great, generous heart is stilled forever; the eloquent lips are locked in the silence of the grave, the busy hands are folded in peace, and the feet that were swift to errands of mercy are forever at rest. May his long service be now reputed to him unto justice, and may his soul find solace in the Master's promise that "Where I am there also shall My servant be."

AS A LITTLE CHILD

*The Funeral of the Rev. John F. Nugent, St. Rose's
Church, San Francisco, Cal., Monday, May 12, 1913.*

AS A LITTLE CHILD

There are so many unexpected actions and so many astonishing sayings related of our Lord in the Gospels that we are not surprised at the difficulty the Jews found in recognizing Him as the Messiah whose splendid coming the prophets had foretold. That he should appear as a poor man—the reputed son of a carpenter—is paralleled by the charge He laid on His Apostles that they should become as little children if they would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. You have often wondered, I am sure, at that scene described by St. Matthew when the disciples disputed among themselves which of them should be the greatest, and our Blessed Lord took a little child and set him in the midst of them, saying:

“Amen, I say unto you, Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greater in the Kingdom of Heaven.”

You will wonder the more if you consider the destiny of the men to whom this commandment was given. They are the Apostles, and they are to be the rulers of His Church. In the new Jerusalem they are to sit in the seats of judgment and reign from the thrones of the House of David. They are to confront unafraid the assemblies of the people; they are to withstand governors to their face; they are to beard Cæsar's self in imperial Rome. In the days to come their successors—Popes and Bishops and priests—shall hold high dominion even in temporal affairs, and shall sit in senates with the noblest of the land, shall make and unmake princes, and shall be accounted the nursing fathers of kings. Christ, whose eye read the history of every age, knew full well what weighty matters would fall to their charge and how many solitudes would be their daily burden, what great interests would depend upon their judgment, and what momentous enterprises would be entrusted to their zeal. Yet, when he would prepare them and their successors for the great parts they were to play in the world the lesson He

taught them is one of childlike simplicity and humility:

“Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven.”

And as the experience of mankind has justified Christ's choice of the humble estate into which He was born, so the history of the Church has justified the advice He gave His disciples. As often as the Church has leaned on the reed of human power, it has broken and pierced her side. As often as she has put her trust in human wisdom, it has played her false and has sold the pass. As often as she has relied on the riches and honors and dignities of this world, they have betrayed her naked to her enemies. No; in every age her strength has lain in those simple souls that have known how to become as little children. As the most stupendous operations of nature are effected in silence, so proceed the works of God. As the pageant of the spring marches with noiseless steps through the land, and the frost binds the swiftest streams in the hush of a winter's night, so

the prophet found God, not in the crash of the earthquake, nor in the roar of the wind, nor in the violence of the fire, but in the gentle zephyr and the still small voice. God needs no man's help. He can save by many or by few. "He hath chosen," says the Apostle, "the foolish things of this world that He might confound the wise; and the weak things of this world hath God chosen, that He might confound the strong; and the lowly things of this world, hath God chosen, and the things that are not, that He might bring to naught the things that are: that no flesh should glory in His sight."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven; blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land; blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."

O simple and childlike souls, now as ever ye are Christ's coadjutors in His work among men! On you He relies now, as He always relied, that in humility and peace ye shall gather the scattered stones of the sanctuary and in prayer and sacrifice hew them and polish them anew till they are fit

for God's building and are made the living stones of the temple of the Most High.

Such a soul was John Nugent, whose gentle heart has stopped for ever, whose kindly lips shall speak no more. It would be impossible to describe adequately his simple yet strong character; and it is especially hard for me who remember so well his many acts of kindness and who esteemed him so high even to attempt it. Were it not that the wishes of his sorrowing sisters are to me commands, I would have much preferred to pray in silence by his coffin that he would be mindful of me in the eternal light.

From the day he left his father's house to go to All Hallows' College, and afterwards to Rome, down to the day he rendered his soul to God, I believe that Father John Nugent had but a single interest in life, and that was the priesthood. There are men who can, so to speak, divide themselves and apply their energies to various objects with success; but Father John's character was too simple for such distractions. He was always the priest. His outlook was the outlook of the priest, his life

work was the life work of the priest; even his innocent pleasures were taken in the company of his brother priests.

Whether as an assistant on the other side of the bay or as pastor in this city, first at St. Brendan's and then here, he was to his people the good shepherd, tender and true. These were parishes of which it might be said in the words of St. Paul that they contained not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, but they were made up of men and women who possessed that which was better than worldly wisdom or worldly power. They had the real, old Irish faith. They had the warm, generous Irish hearts. Their tears tell how they loved him. They respected his transparent character. They admired his single eye for their welfare. They delighted in his homely words and ways. To them he was a perfect exemplar of the idealized parish priest whom the Irish fondly call in their own language "Sagart, a rúin!"

Need I speak now of his affection for the young? At St. Brendan's, and here, too, before the fire, the schools for the little

children were his special care. The effect of the fire that bore most heavily upon him was not the dislocation of the parish and the personal hardships of uncongenial surroundings, but the fact that conditions did not permit him to restore the school. In return the little ones loved him with that artless affection which is the right of him who had begotten them again in water and the word of life, and forms the sweetest consolation of the true priest and is his most acceptable reward.

Especially beloved was Father John of the clergy. Most of us are at home only with the men of our own age and generation, but he particularly enjoyed the company of the young priests, who always found in his home a warm welcome. He remembered and followed the precept of the Apostle: "Let the love of the brotherhood abide in you, and forsake not hospitality, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." The junior clergy indeed will miss him most, but the whole diocese is poorer for the death of one who most resembled his Divine Master in His gentleness:

"He shall not contend or cry out," as the prophet Isaias described Him, "neither shall any man hear His voice in the street. The bruised reed He shall not break and the smoking flax He shall not extinguish."

The gentle simplicity of his character argued no lack of intellectual talent and no weakness of the will. Like most of his co-provincials, he had a good head for business, and he had improved his original education acquired in Ireland and Rome by extensive travel and by a special fondness for the study of languages. The events of the past seven years showed that he possessed in the highest degree that nobility of soul and that steadfastness of will which we call fortitude. On the pastors who administered the neighboring parishes—all men in the prime of life—the earthquake and the fire laid a burden that it took all the resiliency of youth to bear. To one who was in the last decade of the three score years and ten that the Psalmist allots to man it should seem a calamity too great to be endured. No one would have blamed him if he had declined the overwhelming task of rehabilitation and sought, as he

might justly have sought, an easier position in which to spend his declining days. But under his gentle demeanor lay the stern stuff of the North. Before the ashes were cold he came back and built under the still trembling walls the sheds that served him for a home and you for a church. At that time there seemed to be little hope for the parishes of this southern district. Even to-day opinion still wavers as to the character of its future. But Father Nugent never doubted. Here was he set as a sentinel and here would he stay till authority or death relieved him. More than any part of the city, St. Rose's Parish bears to this day the marks of the catastrophe—picture to yourselves what it was in the winter of 1906. No streets, no sidewalks, no neighbors—when the work day was over and the mills closed the abomination of desolation seemed to settle down upon those gaping ruins. But he had put his hand to the plough and would not look back. One by one a few families returned. Here and there new houses went up. Little by little the nucleus of a congregation was formed. After three years of natural hesi-

tation and prudent doubt the word went forth that St. Rose's was to be rebuilt, and you all remember how from far and near came the old parishioners, and filled this church to overflowing at its dedication and congratulated Father John that his brother's work and his own had not come to naught.

The province of Ulster, where Father John was born, still shows evidence of that monstrous system of ascendancy that was riveted on the Irish people by the penal laws. There even to this day the two nations face each other that for so many centuries have struggled like Jacob and Esau in Ireland's womb. To him, therefore, patriotism was only another aspect of religion. In his thought faith and fatherland were one and inseparable. Hence came his intense interest in everything Irish and his generous support of every enterprise that made for the preservation of Irish nationality and the full freedom of the Irish state. He was especially attracted to the movement for the revival of the Irish language, for he felt deeply the truth of Spenser's saying: "If the tongue be

Irish, the heart must needs be Irish, too." You all know how he showed his faith by his works. Though no longer young, he devoted himself to the study of Irish, which is by no means the easiest of the European tongues. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to say the prayers in Irish at the various conventions and meetings where he was always in request as chaplain. I have more than once admired the equanimity with which he sat out the sometimes interminable and always futile discussions that occasionally arise in all societies, waiting patiently to perform his office of saying the closing prayer. I believe that one of the proudest days of his life was that memorable St. Patrick's day before the earthquake when he entertained Dr. Hyde, the President of the Gaelic League, and the Rosary was recited and the sermon was delivered in this church in the mother tongue of Brigid and Columcille.

But why multiply the lines in a sketch that no one can adequately make? He was a simple, gentle man, a true, holy priest. Indeed, no better summary of his character

could be given than the inspired words in which St. Paul describes the qualities of perfect love:

“Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never falleth away, whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease or knowledge shall be destroyed.”

I have no need, I am sure, to commend him to your suffrages, brethren of the clergy, as he enters into the presence of that Judge before whom no man living is justified. You have already sped him heavenwards with many a Mass and many a prayer. We who know by experience the heavy responsibilities of the priest's life have learned to dread the scrutiny of Him who demands account even of the idle word. We know, unfortunately, also by experience, that of all men the priest is the soonest by the generality forgotten. There-

fore, we understand the necessity of succoring one another in time lest we call from the depths and there be no ear to be attentive to the voice of our supplication.

Neither is there any need to convey to his beloved sisters and nieces the expression of our sincere sympathy. Father John was a man to whom the ties of family were exceptionally strong. His affection for his sisters and their devotion to him were singularly beautiful. It is a satisfaction to them now—sad, indeed, but still a satisfaction—that they were with him when the end came, and that to the last he was conscious of their loving care. In the face of such a bereavement words have little power. We can only offer up our prayers to her who is the Mother of Sorrows that she will bestow on them the strength to bear their cross with Christian resignation, and that she who is called the Comforter of the Afflicted will fill them with that consolation that the Father of Light alone can give.

And you, my dear brethren, his friends and his parishioners—the old and the young, whom he so tenderly loved—I

beseech you, in the words of St. Paul: "Remember your prelates who have spoken the word of God to you, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." This church is the work of the two brothers, Father Denis and Father John Nugent. Let it be to you and yours a perpetual reminder to pray for their souls. How often and often that cry ascends to the heedless hearts of men: "Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least ye, my friends, have mercy on me!" Father John was a good friend. Let your return for his friendship be earnest and continued prayer that God will grant him the eternal rest and the perpetual light.

Though indeed we who knew so well his simplicity, his humility, his faithfulness, feel more like praying to him than for him. There is painted on the walls of one of the chambers of the Vatican a picture of which I have heard him speak more than once. It represents the great doctors or theologians of the Church as the genius of Raffaele conceived them in heaven, discoursing on the mighty mysteries of the

Divinity and justifying God's ways to men. Not in such lofty arguments can I fancy my dear friend enjoying the company of the saints. Rather do I see him surrounded by the little children, of whom the Church sings on Holy Innocents' Day, that under the very altar of God they sport with their palms of victory and their martyrs' crowns.

Ipsam sub aram simplices
Palma et coronis luditis.

And now, dear, kind friend, goodbye—goodbye till we meet again. After all, what is this life but a long series of the parting of friends. Day by day they hurry past us and stretch out their wan hands in farewell. The declining sun and the lengthening shadows warn us that our day is far spent and that the night is at hand. Swiftly the darkness descends for us all, and we must in our turn depart. Till then goodbye. "*Terra tibi sit levis.*" May the earth lie light on your gentle bosom and may your blameless spirit rejoice forever in the peace of God that passeth understanding.

FATHER AND FRIEND

*The Funeral of the Rev. Peter S. Casey, St. Peter's Church,
San Francisco, Cal., Wednesday, August 20, 1913.*

FATHER AND FRIEND

The duty has been assigned to me to put in words the tribute of your respect to Father Casey. I would indeed that the task had been laid on other shoulders. When the kindly master of some great house lies newly dead, his servants and retainers weep for his loss and in weeping assuage their grief. They praise his service and

“out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze.”

His children can only think in silence by the vacant chair or wander noiseless through the house of death. Bear with me, if I must do violence to myself in performing this last sad duty to my father, my brother and my friend.

Father Casey lived and died as your pastor—the shepherd of your souls. Such is the name our Lord took to Himself when He revealed His divinity to the Jews and foretold the great Sacrifice of the Cross.

"I am the Good Shepherd, and I lay down My life for My sheep." Such is the name He has shared in every age with every man He has chosen to be a partaker of His ministry and to feed His flock. Such, too, is the vocation wherewith He has called him. The good pastor must lay down his life for his sheep—not indeed in our times, except for few, in the swift agony of an hour, but in the life long struggle of dying daily to himself that his people may learn to live to Christ.

Five and thirty years ago Father Casey was given charge of this parish. He had been ordained only two years, and it took all the courage and faith of youth to face the problems of a vast territory and a population scattered and poor. When a public official, such as a mayor or a governor, performs with ability and success the duties of his station, he is judged worthy of all praise, though the office has long been created and he has to take no care for its temporal upkeep. But the pioneer pastor has not only to administer his charge—a by no means easy task—but he has, so to speak, to create the very office, to buy the land

and put up the buildings in which he may exercise it, and to struggle all his life for the means to support it.

Father Casey was not one to fight his battles over again or to make parade of the ancient scars. But you, his old friends, that remain—the few of you that were with him from the beginning and were witnesses of his coming in and going out among you—you can tell of the poverty and care in which these foundations were laid. You can remember when the bills poured in and there was no money to meet them; how you had out of your own slender resources to tide him over until the parish revenues were available. To some men debt is an anodyne, but to him, especially in those old times, an unpaid bill was a source of anxious days and sleepless nights.

Is there any need that I should detail to you the measure of his achievement? For many a year you have enjoyed the blessings his devotion has bestowed upon this parish. Behold this spacious church, whose beauty he loved so well—these splendid schools, all these buildings that in a fitting manner

house the Sisters, the Brothers and the Priests. It is written on the tomb of the architect of St. Paul's, in London: "If ye seek his monument, look around you." With even greater truth here is Father Casey's monument. To the very last moment his care was lavished on it; and the extensive improvements just brought to a conclusion seem as if they were designed as a preparation for his burial.

And well you know how quietly and gently he accomplished it all. He never drove you above your strength, he never harassed you for money, he never made boast of what he was doing or had done. In silence is built the city of God. While a man sleeps and rises, the seed he has cast into the ground grows without care or observation, and the trees of the forest gain their increase in the stillness of the everlasting hills. Only once was he overpersuaded by his assistants to employ more strenuous methods, and, though you nobly rose to the occasion and he was proud of your success, I do not believe that he was ever easy in his mind

for having laid so great a burden upon your backs.

Few even among the clergy of the diocese realize the special responsibilities that were assumed by St. Peter's parish from the very beginning. The ordinary pastor finds work enough in his church and school to occupy his energies, and usually his resources are hardly enough to meet the obligations that church and school entail. Here, however, the parish cheerfully undertook the care of institutions that belonged to the diocese and the city as a whole. The Magdalen Asylum, which later became St. Catherine's Home, was attended from here since its foundation, and the slender stipend which the Sisters could afford did not go far to the support of the priest, its daily Mass and frequent ministrations required.

The City and County Hospital and the Isolation Hospital, or Pest House, have always been a burden on St. Peter's Parish. Whatever may be thought of the duty of the municipality to provide for the religious needs of the poor whose care it assumes, it is outside controversy that no one

parish is in justice bound to make good the lack of such provision. These institutions are like the doomed ship slowly drawn to the "Mount Magnetic," and their helpless freight is gathered from the four winds of heaven. Yet not only has St. Peter's Parish attended to all the sick calls sent from those institutions, but the charity and generosity of Father Casey was such that he provided them with a Mass on Sunday, that the stricken poor of Jesus Christ might have the comfort of the Great Sacrifice.

But, over and above all these material provisions, far more important in the eyes of God, he followed St. Peter's admonition and "was made a pattern of the flock from the heart"—"*Forma factus gregis*"; and if to-day—I speak no flattery—the people of St. Peter's are the flower of Catholicity in this town, it is because for a third of a century you have had the example of a man of God. If your children who have married and moved out to other parishes are noticeable among us all as the staunchest pillars of the Church in their new homes it is because of the training they have received at the hands of one who

never was false to his character as another Christ.

Aye, a man of God, another Christ—such is the true description of Peter Casey! As you know, there is only one priesthood—the Eternal Priesthood of our Lord. But as the one sun in shining through the painted glass reveals itself in many colors, so the one priesthood manifests itself according to the character of the man that receives it. Moreover, it is an old saying, “Like people, like priests.” The nature of the priesthood

“is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer’s hand.”

Therefore we find priests partaking of the views and manners of the communities in which they live. A learned people will have learned priests; a simple people, priests of simple ways.

This is a business community, and the parish priest especially is immersed in business conditions. Yet the most unlovely mind a priest can have is the business mind. A priest must be a business man, and Father Casey was a good business

man. His books were kept with an accuracy and a neatness that would do credit to a bank. All the money with which you entrusted him was spent with such care and judgment that not a dollar of it, I believe, was ever wasted. Yet he abhorred the business mind. When business was to be done he did it with all his might; but when it was finished, as a man will cleanse himself of the grime of a journey, he washed the very thought of it from his soul by meditation and prayer.

For prayer to him and high thinking were as the marrow of his bones. A priest is called to be a man of prayer—not indeed in heathen ostentation or in singularity of devotion. There are certain times and methods of prayer, some of obligation and the rest the free offering of every good priest. Their merit consists, not in their number or length, but in the regularity with which they are performed and the fervor which inspires them. I never knew a man so regular and so fervent. When this last illness touched him, he complained to me one day, “I cannot pray, I cannot find any comfort in my prayers.”

And I said to him, "What have you been doing all your life but praying! You have been always preaching confidence in the Sacred Heart, and now when He clasps you close to His bosom, why must you be ever turning your head this way and that, like a frightened child, looking into the shadows?" He smiled, and I trust was comforted.

He was of a singularly tender conscience. We are bidden to pray for the dying that God may not remember the sins and ignorances of their youth, but I believe that few, and these but slight, were the stains on the white robe he bare from the font to the judgment seat of Christ. He had a special fear of giving bad example, and I have known him to worry for days lest any misunderstood act of his or any unconsidered word might have disedified his fellow priests or scandalized his people.

Indeed, that this tenderness of conscience did not degenerate into scrupulosity is due to his sound judgment and good education. He had intellectual gifts of a high order, and always kept abreast of his profes-

sional studies. He was of the few who could talk understandingly and entertainingly of books and travel and music and art—of all things, in fact, that make for culture. His attainments were shown especially in his preaching. He made no pretense to the arts of the orator, but his sermons were well prepared, the matter was full and accurate, the expression was clear and often remarkably happy, the language was chaste and elegant, the delivery was pleasing—in a word, he had something to say and said it well.

Above all he loved to speak to the children, and in this most difficult art he had wonderful skill. He could hold their attention apparently without effort, and they delighted to listen to him, especially when he told them of the Blessed Sacrament or the Mother of God.

He was slight of stature, but he had infinite grit and a great soul. I remember, some twelve years ago, a sick call came from the Pest House that a patient was dying of malignant smallpox. The priest who happened to be on duty was just ordained and entirely without experience.

When Father Casey left the room with him we thought he was simply going to give him a few necessary instructions, but instead he was so considerate of the young man's feelings that he took his oil-stocks and made the call himself. It was only afterwards that to our confusion we learned what he had done.

Yes, the grace of God worked without hindrance in him because his nature was the finest of fine gold. He was a prince among men. Generous and hospitable he was, with the fine old Irish generosity and hospitality, which his good judgment and delicate taste kept in just bounds. He was a lover of nature, and his recreations were taken on the mountains or by the river side or on the sea. He was Irish to the core, and, though as in other things he did not put himself forward in societies or the like, every Irish cause had his intense interest and his hand was open to every Irish appeal.

I have already spoken of his tenderness of conscience, but that delicacy extended into every relation of life. He was always thinking of others, always considerate of

their feelings. How much he suffered, for he was sensitive to a degree, nobody can tell, for he had such admirable self-control that we of rougher ways and more masterful manners only found out by now and again some accident how deeply he had been hurt.

He was the soul of honor, and to him the one unpardonable sin was double dealing or meanness. He lived indeed in charity with all men, but to one whom he considered as guilty of any baseness the gates of his friendship were forever barred. Loyal to authority, he knew how to assert his own when the occasion required. Most respectful and obedient to those set over him, he cared little for external honors or the vain applause of the fickle multitude. He was most observant of his duties as a priest, the more so that he was tenacious of his rights, and the manliness and independence of his character made his service the very flower of sacerdotal obedience.

How shall I speak of him as a friend? Ah, forgive this selfish grief! At a time when I sorely needed a friend he was a good friend to me. God rest you, Peter

Casey, this day for that and for all your kindness to me and mine.

God rest him again, for neither you nor I grudge him rest. For many a long year he was seldom free from pain, and his last words to me were, "I am very tired." Poor, poor, worn body, God has given you rest! It was a frail bark and much beaten by wind and wave that crept last Sunday into port on the flowing tide; but it bore safe the pearl of great price. Hushed are the winds, the waves are still, the clouds are gone, his rest is beneath the everlasting arms and in the light that shall never fail.

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